a welcome to Brighton
to my dear friends
Oct 14 1835

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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

FOR

PUBLIC, PRIVATE, AND SOCIAL

WORSHIP.

SELECTED BY THE

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The Profits of this Collection (if any) will be given to the School for the Education of Daughters of Poor Clergymen at Brighton.

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PSALMS.

2 *Reign of Christ.* S. M.

WHAT though the people rage,
And kings, with counsels vain,
Against th' Omnipotent engage,
And spurn Messiah's reign;

2 Jehovah from on high
Looks in derision down;
Observes them with offended eye,
And marks them with his frown.

3 Th' anointed Son shall still
As Monarch be enthron'd,
With regal pomp, on Zion's hill;—
Zion long lov'd and own'd.

4 All empires shall be claim'd
As his from sea to sea;
For him this beauteous world was fram'd,
And his the world shall be.

5 Those who resist his sway
His anger shall devour;
And broken like the potter's clay
Shall be their pride and power.

6 Kings! rulers! men! be wise;
The day of grace is now;
Ere yet his kindling wrath arise
Low at his footstool bow.

5 *Morning.* C. M.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

2 Oft to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

3 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

4 The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

8 *Condescension of God.* C. M.

O THOU to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

2 In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light:

4 Lord! what is man, that thou should'st love
To keep him in thy mind?
Or condescend thy grace to prove,
In human flesh enshrin'd?

5 O Thou to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

13 *Expostulation.* L. M.

HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?

2 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief;
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.

3 How will the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

4 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

16 & 17 *God our portion.* L. M.

WHAT sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine:
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

18 *Majesty of God.* C. M.

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 O God, my strength and fortitude,
Of force I must love thee;
Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity.

19 *Creation.* I. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball—
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found—
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

19 *The Word of God the light of the world.* L. M.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand:
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven!

23 *The Good Shepherd.* 6. 8.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

24 *Ascension of Christ.* L. M.

OUR Lord is risen from the dead:
Our Saviour is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors, give way.

3 "Loose all your bars of massy light,
"And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;
"He claims these mansions as his right:
"Receive the King of glory in."

4 Who is the King of glory? Who?
"The Lord who all our foes o'ercame,
"The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
"And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits;
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors, give way."

29 *Praise.* 7s.

SING, ye sons of men, O sing
Praise to heaven's eternal King:
Power and strength to God assign;
Bow before his hallow'd shrine.

2 Hark! his voice in thunder breaks;—
Hush'd to silence while He speaks,
Ocean's waves, from pole to pole,
Hear the awful accents roll.

3 Now the bursting clouds give way,
And the vivid lightnings play;
Now the wilds, by man untrod,
Hear dismay'd th' approaching God.

4 God the swelling surge commands;
Fix'd his throne for ever stands:
God his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

34 *Trust in God.* C. M. DOUBLE.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

2 O! make but trial of his love;
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide:
Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make ye his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

39 *Shortness of life.* 6. 8.

O LET me, heavenly Lord, extend
My view to life's approaching end;
Instructed by thy wisdom, learn
How soon my fabric shall return
To earth—and in the silent tomb
Its seat of lasting rest assume.

2 What are my days? a span their line:—
And what my age compar'd with thine?
Our life advancing to its close,
While scarce its earliest dawn it knows:
Swift like a fleeting shade we run,
And vanity and man are one.

3 God of my fathers, here, as they,
I walk the pilgrim of a day;
A transient guest, thy works admire,
And instant to my home retire:
Where shall I then my refuge see?
On whom repose my hope, but thee?

4 Before thy throne my knees I bend;
To thee my ceaseless prayers ascend:

" O spare me, Lord, awhile, O spare;
" My strength renew, my heart prepare,
" Ere, life's short circuit wander'd o'er,
" I vanish, and am seen no more."

42 *Desire after God.* C. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsting soul doth pine!
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thy majesty divine!

3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

42 2d Version. 6. 8.

AS panting in the sultry beam
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll:
For many an evil voice is near
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;
And silent memory weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That circles Sion's holy ground;
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallow'd arch along
Responsive swell'd the solemn song.

4 Ah! why, by passing clouds opprest,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has pass'd away.

45 *Reign of Christ.* P. M.

GIRD on thy conquering sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war;
Before his wheels,
In glad surprise,
Ye valleys rise,
And sink ye hills.

2 Before thy awful face
Millions of foes shall fall,
The captives of thy grace,
That grace which conquers all.
The world shall know,
Great King of kings,
What wondrous things
Thine arm can do.

3 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way;
Here every foe control,
And all thy power display!
My heart thy throne,
Blest JESUS, see,
Bows low to thee,
To thee alone.

45 2d Version. L. M.

MY heart its noblest theme has found;
O thou, with regal splendor crown'd,
Messiah, hail! the heavens thy throne
For ever, and for ever own.

2 Hail, fairer than the sons of men!
Grace on thy lips and beauty reign,
That speak thee honor'd from above,
And blest with God's eternal love.

3 Hail, thou whom nations own their Lord!
Gird on thy thigh the glittering sword:
By mercy, truth, and justice led,
Ride glorious on, thy conquests spread.

4 Thy God, the God who rules the skies,
Has o'er thine equals bid thee rise,
And, pleas'd, the Spirit's influence shed,
The oil of gladness on thy head.

47 *Ascension.* 7s.

JESUS is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky:
Shout the angel-choirs aloud,
Echoing to the trump of God.

2 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine;
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

3 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven;
Power he now to us imparts;
Praise him with believing hearts.

48 *God in his Temple.* S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes Mount Zion his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 The temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

3 In Zion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

4 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

51 *Penitence.* L. M.

SHEW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live.
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great; but not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

4 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

51 2d Part. L. M.

LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death;
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in every part.

3 Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone!
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

5 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease:
Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

51 3d Part. L. M.

O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Though I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

51 4th Part. L. M.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die!

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

4 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

61 *God the refuge of the soul.* S. M.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

63 *The House of God.* L. M.

O LORD, within thy sacred gates,
Where I so oft have sought for thee,
Again my longing spirit waits,
That fulness of delight to see.

2 In blessing thee with thankful songs
My happy life shall glide away:
The praise that to thy name belongs
Daily with lifted hands I'll pay.

3 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my favor'd soul o'erflows;
Secure in thee, my God, my King,
Of glory that no period knows.

4 More dear than life itself, thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ:
Thy love to sing, thy grace to prove,
Be this my glory, peace, and joy.

65 *The Seasons.* L. M.

ETERNAL Source of every joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The day is taught by thee to rise,
The night by thee to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer beams with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise:
Still be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

67 *Diffusion of the Gospel.* S. M.

TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame:
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

68 *Ascension.* L. M.

LORD! when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky:
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
Which thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains like captives led.

4 Rais'd by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

68 *Reign of Christ.* 2d Part. L. M.

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

2 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

3 Proclaim him King—pronounce him blest;
He is your life, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

71 *Life preserved by God.* C. M.

MY God, my everlasting hope,
I live upon thy truth;
Thine hands have held my childhood up,
And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year:
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.

3 Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise;
And round me let thy glory shine,
Whene'er thy servant dies.

4 Then in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

72 *Reign of Christ.* L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run:
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

73 *God all-sufficient.* L. M.

WHOM, Lord, in heaven but thee alone
Have I whose favor I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I beside thee can desire.

2 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.

80 *Deprecation.* L. M.

O ISRAEL'S Shepherd! Joseph's Guide!
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou, that dost on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 Do thou convert us, Lord! do thou
The lustre of thy face display:
And all the ills we suffer now
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

3 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

4 Do thou convert us, Lord! do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scatter'd clouds shall pass away.

84 *The House of God.* L. M.

HOW pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty:—
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

4 Blest are the souls that find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

5 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate,
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

6 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

84 2d Version. P. M.

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires
To see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still;
And happy they
That love the way
To Zion's hill.

3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet!

84 3d Version. 7s.

LORD of hosts, how bright, how fair,
E'en on earth thy temples are!
Here thy waiting people see
Much of heaven, and much of thee.

2 From thy gracious presence flow
Peace and joy to heal our woe;
While thy Spirit's holy fire
Warms our hearts with pure desire.

3 Here we supplicate thy throne,
Here thou mak'st thy glories known;
Here we learn thy righteous ways,
Taste thy love, and sing thy praise.

4 Thus, with songs of sacred joy,
We our happy lives employ;
Love, and long to love thee more,
Till from earth to heaven we soar.

87 *Zion.* 2. 8. 7.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Saviour, if in Zion's city
Thou enrol my worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in the shame;
Fading is the sinner's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and shew:
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know.

89 *The believer's privileges.* C. M.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives;
Israel, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

90 *Eternity of God.* C. M.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God;
To endless years the same.

3 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

4 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

90 *God Eternal Almighty.* 2d Version. C. M.

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race;
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling-place!

2 Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand;
Before this ponderous globe itself
Arose at thy command;

3 That power which rais'd, and still upholds,
This universal frame,
From countless unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

4 Those mighty periods of years,
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

5 Thou giv'st the word; thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, "Ye sons of men,
"Return ye into nought."

6 They flourish like the morning flower,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies,
All wither'd and decay'd.

90 *Shortness of life.* 3d Version. C. M.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How swift the weeks complete their rounds!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day
When all that mortal life has done
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swift advancing year,
And study artful ways t' increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart
Its great concern to see,
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

5 So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise;
Or this shall bear my ransom'd soul
To joy that never dies.

91 *The Christian's safety.* C. M.

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

2 Angels unseen attend the saints
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.

3 The angels' Lord himself is nigh
To those that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

4 Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear?

92 *Praise for the Sabbath.* L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To shew thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly care shall seize my breast:
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 Then I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desir'd or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

92 *Praise.* 2d Version. D. 7s.

THOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou in whom we live and move,
Good it is, with joyful tongue,
To resound thy praise in song;

When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All thy favors to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.

2 From thy works our joys arise,
O thou only good and wise!
Who thy wonders can express?
All thy thoughts are fathomless.
When we dwell within thy house,
Hear thy gospel, pay our vows,
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in thy praise unite.

95 *Praise.* P. M.

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
Praise ye the Lord. Hallelujah.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And his the solid ground. Praise, &c.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word. Praise, &c.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, as the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. Praise, &c.

97 *Peace and Joy in believing.* L. M.

TH' Almighty reigns, exalted high,
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy name,
Hate every work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

98 *Advent.* C. M.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
Let every creature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

99 *The Kingdom of God.* S. M.

THE God Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear;
Let sinners tremble at his throne,
And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore her Lord!
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne;
His honors are divine;
His church shall make his wonders known,
For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his name!
How awful is his praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all his works of grace.

5 Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet;
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

100 *Exhortation to Praise.* L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell;
Come ye before him and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise;
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? The Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood;
And shall from age to age endure.

100 2d Version. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

103 *Thanksgiving.* S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
'Tis he relieves thy pain;
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love
When rescued from the grave;
He that redeem'd my soul from hell
Hath sovereign power to save.

103 2d Part. S. M.

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

4 The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

5 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
The word of promise sure.

104 *Glory and Goodness of God.* 104TH M.

O WORSHIP the King all glorious above!
O gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender—the Ancient of days,
Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with praise.
O tell of his might, O sing of his grace!
Whose robe is the light—whose canopy space,
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

2 The earth with its store of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast by a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast like a mantle the sea.
Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air—it shines in the light;
In streams from the hills it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!
O measureless Might—ineffable Love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

107 *Providence.* C. M.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the whirling tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

110 *Christ King and Priest.* P. M.

ALL hail! victorious Lord!
At God's right hand above,
Triumphant o'er thy foes!
Triumphant in thy love!
To thee our joyful songs we bring,
To thee we bow, all-conquering King!

2 All hail! exalted Priest!
To thee our all we give;
Enthron'd above the skies
All homage to receive!
There deign in our behalf to plead,
Yea, there for ever intercede.

113 *Praise.* 6. 8.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams, or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
With Him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

3 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Within his sacred courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

117 *Praise.* L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord!
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

118 *The Lord's day.* C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

119 *Influences of the Spirit.* C. M.

O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

2 O send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desire arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 My soul hath gone too far astray;
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

5 Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands,
Offend against my God.

119 *The word of God.* C. M.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever-fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies;—

4 The best relief that mourners have;—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

119 *The law of God.* 7s.

DEARER, Lord, thy statutes far
Than the world's best treasures are;
Gold or honey I esteem
Dross and dust compar'd with them.

2 Like a lamp, whene'er I stray,
Shining bright upon my way,
Let thy true and lively word
Still its quickening light afford.

119 *The word of God in affliction.* L. M.

O HOW I love thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord!
It guides me in the peaceful way;
I think upon it all the day.

2 What are the mines of shining wealth,
The strength of youth, the bloom of health;
What are all joys, compar'd to those
Thine everlasting word bestows!

3 Long unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path secure I stray'd;
Thou mad'st me feel thy chastening rod,
And straight I turn'd unto my God.

4 What though it pierc'd my fainting heart,
I bless'd thine hand that caus'd the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But sav'd me from eternal woe.

119 *The word of God converting the soul.* C. M.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in my way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

3 When sore afflictions press me down
I need thy quickening powers;
Thy word that I have rested on
Shall help my heaviest hours.

4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.

121 *God our Preserver.* L. M.

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God
That built the world, that spread the flood;
The heavens with all their hosts he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
His morning smiles bless all the day:
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 On thee foul spirits have no power;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels, that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

122 *The House of God.* P. M.

THE festal morn, my God, is come,
That calls me to thy honor'd dome,
Thy presence to adore:
My feet the summons shall attend,
With willing steps thy courts ascend;
And tread the hallow'd floor.

2 E'en now to our transported eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise:
E'en now, with glad survey,
We view her mansions, that contain
Angelic forms, a glorious train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Let the redeem'd of God ascend;
Their offerings thither bring:
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In hymns of praise their tongues employ,
And hail th' immortal King.

130 *Waiting on the Lord.* C. M.

I WAIT for thy salvation, Lord!
With strong desires I wait;
My soul, invited by thy word,
Stands watching at thy gate.

2 Just as the guards that keep the night
Long for the morning skies,
Watch the first beams of breaking light,
And meet them with their eyes;

3 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
And, more intent than they,
Meets the first openings of thy face,
And finds a brighter day.

131 *A child-like spirit.* 7s.

LORD, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Clothed with humility.

2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides;
Wean'd from all the world besides.

3 Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him evermore!
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy, happy, in his love.

132 *Public worship.* L. M.

GOD in his temple let us meet;
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here hath he fix'd his mercy seat;
Here on his Sabbath we attend.

2 Arise into thy resting-place,
Thou, and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Shine through the veil; we seek thy face;
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

3 With righteousness thy priests array;
Joyful thy chosen people be:
Let those who teach, and those who pray,
Let all, be holiness to thee.

136 *Praise for creation and preservation.* 7s.

LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 He by wisdom did create
The painted heavens so full of state;
And did the solid earth ordain
To rise above the watery plain.

3 He, with all commanding might,
Fill'd the new-made world with light;
Caus'd the golden-tressed sun
All day long his course to run.

4 His chosen people he did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need.

5 Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

136 2d Version. *Praise.* L. M.

GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He fills the sun with morning light;
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

137 *Zion.* L. M.

O ZION, when I think on thee,
I wish for pinions like the dove;
And mourn to think that I should be
So distant from the place I love.

2 A captive here, and far from home,
For Zion's sacred courts I sigh:
Thither the ransom'd nations come,
And see the Saviour eye to eye.

3 While here, I walk on hostile ground;
The few that I can call my friends
Are, like myself, with fetters bound,
And weariness our steps attends.

4 But yet we shall behold the day
When Zion's children shall return:
Our sorrows then shall flee away,
And we shall never, never mourn.

5 The hope that such a day will come,
Makes e'en the captive's portion sweet:
Though now we're distant far from home,
In Zion soon we all shall meet.

139 *Omnipresence of God.* L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

2 Surrounded by thy power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand;
O skill for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!

3 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
If down to Hades' dark abode,
In Hades' darkness dwells my God.

4 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.

5 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night,
One glance from thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

139 2d. Version. P. M.

LORD! thou hast known mine inmost mind;
Thou dost my path and bed inclose;
My waking soul on thee reclines;
On thee my sleeping thoughts repose:
Where from thy presence can I fly?
Lord, ever present, ever nigh!

2 If to the highest heaven I climb,
Or on the wings of morning soar,
Thy dwelling-place salutes me there;
Thy piercing eyes my steps explore:
Where from thy presence can I fly?
Lord, ever present, ever nigh!

3 And if, to hide the evil thought,
To secret darkness I repair,
A still small voice within me speaks,
And tells that God is also there:
Where from thy presence can I fly?
Lord, ever present, ever nigh!

139 3d. Version. *Omniscience of God.* L. M.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through;
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts before they are my own
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

139 Part 2d. *God our Maker.* L. M.

'T WAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eye did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 Lord, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.

4 I could survey the ocean o'er,
And count each sand that makes the shore,
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
The endless wonders of thy grace.

141 *Supplication.* L. M.

LORD, let my prayer like incense rise;
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As on the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven well-pleas'd on me.

2 Mine eyes are unto thee, my God;
Behold me humbled in the dust;
I kiss the hand that wields the rod;
I own thy chastisements are just.

3 But O redeem me from the snares
With which the world surrounds my feet!
Its riches, vanities, and cares,
Its love, its hatred, its deceit.

143 *Prayer under spiritual dejection.* L. M.

LOOK down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
I dwell in darkness and unseen;
My heart is desolate within.

2 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove,
And God for ever hide his love?

3 My God, thy long delay to save,
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

4 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

5 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
Which is the path my feet should go:
Teach me to do thy holy will,
And lead me to thy heavenly hill.

6 Then shall my soul no more complain;
The tempter then shall rage in vain;
The flesh, that was my foe before,
Shall never vex my spirit more.

144 *Victory through God.* C. M.

FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield;
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
Doth my weak courage raise;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And his shall be the praise.

145 *Grace and bounty of God.* C. M.

SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food;
Thy liberal hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves:
How soon He sends his pardoning word,
To cheer the souls He loves!

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim;
But saints who taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

146 *Trust in God.* P. M.

HAPPY the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth and seas with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppress, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

2 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
The Lord supports the sinking mind;
He sends the laboring conscience peace:
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

3 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

147 *Praise.* 7s.

MEET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King;
Meet in every time and place
To rehearse his solemn praise.

2 Join, ye saints, the song around;
Angels, help the solemn sound;
Publish through the world abroad
Glory to th' Eternal God.

148 *Praise.* P. M.

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

3 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high;
And favors Israel's race,
Who still to Him are nigh;
O therefore raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

148 2d Version. P. M.

ANGELS assist to sing
The honors of your God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his name abroad;
Pour the trembling notes along;
Swell the universal song.

2 And ye of meaner birth,
Your joyful voices raise;
Inhabitants of earth,
Your great Redeemer praise:
Let your loud hosannas rise;
Shake the earth, and pierce the skies.

3 Let day and dusky night
In solemn order join
His praises to recite,
And speak his power divine:
Every hill, and every vale,
Echo with the sacred tale.

4 Let every creature sing
The honors of our God;
Touch every tuneful string,
And sound his praise abroad:
Pour the trembling notes along;
Swell the universal song.

148 3d Version. P. M.

PRAISE the Lord! Ye heavens adore him!
Praise him, angels, in the height!
Sun and moon, rejoice before him!
Praise him, all ye stars and light!

2 Praise the Lord, in glory seated,
Heaven, and earth, and sea, and land!
At his word ye were created,
By his powerful strength ye stand.

3 Praise the God of our salvation!
Hosts on high, his power proclaim!
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name!

149 *Praise for redemption.* P. M.

O PRAISE ye the Lord!
Prepare your glad voice,
Among all his saints,
His praises to sing:
In Christ our Redeemer
Let Israel rejoice:
And children of Zion
Be glad in their King.

2 From death and from hell
Redeem'd by his grace,
In hymns and in songs
His praises express;
Who soon in his glory
His servants will place,
And with his salvation
The humble will bless.

3 Then let them declare,
That sin to destroy,
And men to redeem,
The Son of God came:
Such honor and triumph
His saints shall enjoy:
O therefore for ever
Exalt his great name!

150 *Praise.* 7s.

PRAISE, O praise the name divine!
Praise it at the hallow'd shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.

2 Be the harp no longer mute;
Sound the trumpet, touch the lute;
Wake to life each tuneful string,
Bring the pipe, the timbrel bring.

3 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ;
And in one great chorus join;—
Praise, O praise the name divine!

4 Praise the name of God most high!
Praise him all below the sky!
Praise him all ye heavenly host!
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMNS.

GOD THE FATHER.

On this head, as embracing the general attributes of God, the reader is referred to the Psalms:—

GOD, the one, only, true God, the object of our praise and adoration, Psalms 48, 92 (first version), 99, 100, 113, 117, 150.

His ETERNITY and IMMUTABILITY, 90 (both versions).

OMNIPRESENCE and OMNISCIENCE, 139 (the three versions).

OMNIPOTENCE, 18, 29, 68, 90, 95, 99, 107.

ALL-SUFFICIENCY, 16, 42, 61, 73, 91, 121, 144, 146.

HOLINESS, 97, 99.

GOODNESS and LOVE, 48, 61, 63, 92, 103, 107, 145.

———— in sending his SON, 2, 136 (second version).

His GLORY in CREATION, 8, 19, 95, 100 (second vers.), 104, 136, 139, 148.

———— in PROVIDENCE, 23, 34, 65, 71, 107, 121, 136 (first version).

———— in GRACE, 19, 42, 51, 67, 103, 136 (second version), 145.

1 *Te Deum.* L. M.

THEE we adore, eternal Lord!
We praise thy name with one accord:
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship thee.

2 To thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubin and seraphin,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy, holy, holy King!
Thee, O Lord God of hosts, they sing!
Thus earth below and heaven above
Resound thy glory and thy love.

2 *Majesty of God.* L. M.

ETERNAL Power, whose high abode
Becomes the majesty of God;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:—

2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He veils his face beneath his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too:
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
And babes have learn'd to lisp thy name;
O how the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind!

5 God is in heaven, and men below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few:
A solemn reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

3 "*This God is our God for ever and ever.*" P. M.

THE God of Abram praise,
Who reigns enthron'd above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love.
Jehovah, great I Am,
By earth and heaven confest,
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

2 The God of Abram praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

3 The God of Abram praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend;
He calls himself my God;
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood.

4 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend;
I shall on eagles' wings upborne
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 P. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
His throne is built on high;
The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty:
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

2 The thunders of his hand
Keep the wide world in awe;
His wrath and justice stand
To guard his holy law;
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

3 And will this sovereign King
Of glory condescend?
And will he write his name
My Father and my Friend?
I love his name; I love his word:
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

5 *"I am continually with thee."* L. M.

WHERE'ER I am, whate'er I see,
Eternal Lord, is full of thee;
I feel thee in the gloom of night,
I view thee in the morning light.

2 When care distracts my anxious soul,
Thy grace can every thought control;
Thy word can still the troubled heart,
And peace and confidence impart.

3 If pain invade my broken rest,
Or if corroding griefs molest,
Soon as the Comforter appears
My sighs are hush'd, and dried my tears.

4 Thy wisdom guides, thy will directs,
Thy arm upholds, thy power protects;
With thee when I at dawn converse
The shadows sink, the clouds disperse;

5 Then, as the sun illumes the skies,
O Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Dispel the fogs of mental night,
Being of beings, Light of light!

6 7s.

BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver:
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever.

2 Thou who slumberest not nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
God of life, that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

7 "*Thou art about my path and about my bed.*" C. M.

LORD, in the day thou art about
The paths wherein I tread,
And in the night, when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.

2 O let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannas to thy majesty,
And praise our heavenly King.

8 *Providence of God.* C. M.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Ere yet my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

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5 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a grateful heart
That tastes these gifts with joy.

6 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

7 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

9 *"Seed time and harvest shall not cease."* C. M.

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are:
The changing seasons as they move
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And soft refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies from above
Matur'd the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway;
Thy hand all nature hails:
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

10 *Creation.* 6. 8.

I PRAIS'D the earth, in beauty seen,
With garlands gay of various green;
I prais'd the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seem'd to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

2 I prais'd the sun, whose chariot roll'd
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I prais'd the moon, whose softer eye
Gleam'd sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

3 O God! O good beyond compare!
If thus thy meaner works are fair,
If thus thy bounties gild the span
Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
How glorious must that mansion be
Where thy redeem'd shall dwell with thee!

11 "*All thy works praise thee, O Lord.*" P. M.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint
the laughing soil;
When summer's balmy showers refresh the
mower's toil;
When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow
and the flood;
In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns its
Maker good.

2 The birds that wake the morning, and those
that love the shade;
The winds that sweep the mountain, or lull
the drowsy glade;
The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth
on his way,
The moon and stars—their Master's name in
silent pomp display.

3 Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the sky,
Shall man alone, unthankful, his little praise deny?
No; let the year forsake his course, the seasons cease to be,
Thee, Father, must we always love, and, Saviour, honor thee.

4 The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of summer fade,
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake the shade;
The winds be lull'd, the sun and moon forget their old decree;
But we, in nature's latest hour, O Lord! will cling to Thee.

12 7s.

" *Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee.*"

LORD of earth! thy forming hand
Well this glorious frame hath plann'd;
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in its power;
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought;
Friendship, gem transcending price,
Love, a flower from Paradise;
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in earth but thee?

2 Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There in love's unbounded reign
Parted hands shall meet again;
Martyrs there and prophets high
Blaze a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From ten thousand seraph strings;
O that scene is passing fair—
Yet shouldst thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

3 Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in thee its only rest;
I was lost; thy accents mild
Homeward lur'd thy wandering child;
I was blind; thy healing ray
Charm'd the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
O should once thy smile divine
Cease upon my soul to shine—
What were earth or heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

13 "*We love him because he first loved us.*" D. C. M.
Also Luke vii. 47.

WE love thee, Lord! yet not alone, because
thy bounteous hand
Showers down its rich and ceaseless gifts on
ocean and on land;

Because thou bidd'st the sun go forth rejoicing
in his might,
And kindle earth to glowing life and beauty
with his light.

2 Because thou roll'st the orbs of light through
trackless fields of space,
And giv'st to each low creeping flower its
fragrance and its grace:
Because in sunshine and in storm alike we see
thee near,
In summer gale and rushing wind alike thy
voice we hear.

3 'Tis not alone because thy names of wisdom,
power and love,
Are written on the earth beneath, the glorious
skies above;
We praise thee, Lord, for these; yet not for
these alone
The incense of thy children's love arises to
thy throne.

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4 We love thee, Lord! because when we had
err'd and gone astray,
Thou didst recall our wandering souls into the
heavenward way;
When helpless, hopeless, we were lost in sin
and sorrow's might,
Thou didst send forth a guiding ray of thy
benignant light.

5 Because when we forsook thy ways, nor kept
thy holy will,
Thou wert not an avenging Judge, but a gra-
cious Father still:
Because we have forgot thee, Lord, but thou
hast not forgot—
Because we have forsaken thee, but thou
forsakest not.

6 Because, O Lord, thou lovedst us with ever-
lasting love;
Because thou gav'st thy Son to die that we
might live above;
Because, when we were heirs of wrath, thou
gav'st the hopes of heaven;
We love because we much have sinn'd, and
much have been forgiven.

GOD THE SON.—HIS ADVENT.

[Psalms on the Advent are 8, 98, 149.]

14 "*He came and preached peace to you which were afar off.*" C. M.

PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay;
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and, (O amazing love!)
He came to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys;
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes
His love can ne'er be told.

15 6. 8.

COME, Holy Spirit, from above,
Eternal source of heavenly love!
Our hearts attune, our tongues inspire,
That we may emulate the choir
That without ceasing hymn his praise;
The Ancient of eternal days.

2 Lo! when we lay in guilt and sin,
Deform'd without, defil'd within,
From heaven he look'd with pitying eye;
From heaven he came to bring us nigh,
And, through the merit of his blood,
To give us free access to God.

3 Hosannas then to Christ be rais'd;
For ever be the Saviour prais'd;
Be honor, power, and glory given
By all on earth, and all in heaven;
For he is worthy to receive
More praise than heaven and earth can give.

16 8. M.

RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.

2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief beloved chose,
And bad him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

3 His hand no thunder bears;
No terror clothes his brow;
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.

4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardon down
To rebels doom'd to die.

5 Now sinners dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offer'd peace.

17 C. M.

HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes—the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him break;
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes—from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.

4 He comes—the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

18 C. M.

SAVIOUR of men, and Lord of love,
How sweet thy gracious name!
With joy that errand we review
On which thy mercy came.

2 While all thy own angelic bands
Stood waiting on the wing,
Charm'd with the honor to obey
Their great eternal King;

3 For us, mean, wretched, sinful men,
Thou laidst that glory by,
First in our mortal flesh to serve,
Then in that flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy service and thy blood
We doubly, Lord, are thine;
To thee our lives we would devote,
To thee our death resign.

19 7s.

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Glory in the highest heaven;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven.

2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the heavenly hosts proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

3 Christ by highest heaven ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord;—
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of a virgin's womb:

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as man with men to dwell,
Jesus our Immanuel.

5 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Ris'n with healing in his wings.

6 Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

20 C. M.

GLORIOUS was that primeval light
Which pour'd its golden flood
O'er the young earth, when fresh and bright
In its first bloom it stood.

2 But, lo! another light, which streams
O'er Bethlehem's midnight sky,
On man with richer promise beams,
And lovelier scenes draw nigh.

3 Glad tidings of Immanuel's birth
The angelic heralds bring;
"Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Good will towards men," they sing.

4 Rise then, my soul, and greet the morn
Thus sung by hosts of heaven;
For "unto us a child is born,
To us a son is given."

21 P. M.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar:
Seek the great desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending
In his temple shall appear;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

5 Sinners wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you,—break your chains;
Come and worship,
Worship Christ the new-born king.

22 P. M.

COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free,
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

2 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child and yet a king;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring:
By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

23 7s.

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born;
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

2 On his shoulder he shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On his vesture and his thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

3 Wonderful in counsel he;
The Incarnate Deity:
Sire of ages ne'er to cease;
King of kings, and Prince of Peace.

24 C. M.

O SAVIOUR! whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below;
To mortal want and labour born,
And more than mortal woe;

2 Incarnate Word! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who liv'd to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died:

3 If gaily cloth'd and proudly fed
In dangerous wealth we dwell,
Remind us of thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell.

4 If prest by poverty severe
In anxious want we pine,
O may thy Spirit whisper near
How poor a lot was thine!

5 Through this life's ever-varying scene
From sin preserve us free;
Like us thou hast a mourner been,
May we rejoice with thee.

25 *Innocents' day.* C. M.

O WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb!
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.

2 Firstlings of faith—the murderer's knife
Has miss'd its deadliest aim;
The God for whom they gave their life
For them to suffer came.

3 Though feeble were their days and few,
Baptiz'd in blood and pain,
He knows them, whom they never knew,
And they shall live again.

4 Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb;
O Rachel, weep not so!
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
The flower in heaven shall blow.

EPIPHANY.

26 L. M.

WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks—
It is the star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck I ceas'd the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

27 *Epiphany.* C. M.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

2 But lo! a brighter clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night
To guide us to our God.

3 O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given!
Who meekly follow Christ on earth
Shall reign with him in heaven.

28 *Epiphany.* P. M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

NAMES AND OFFICES OF CHRIST.

Jesus—Immanuel—Saviour—Hiding-place—I Am—Word—The Lord our Righteousness, Wisdom, Sanctification, Redemption—All in All—Head—Prophet, Priest, and King—Ancient of Days—High Priest—Light of the World—Star of Jacob—Way, Truth, Life—Physician—Fountain of Living Waters—Rock—Corner Stone—Second Adam—Vine—Shepherd—Soul's Guest, Example, and Teacher—Author and Finisher of our Faith—Forerunner—Prince of Peace—Alpha and Omega.

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29 "*Thou shalt call his name Jesus.*" Mat. i. 21. C. M.

JESUS, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out aloud,
That earth and heaven may hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul;
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there,
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
And fearless with thy rod and staff
Will pass the vale of death.

30 *Jesus.* C. M.

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear name! the rock on which I build;
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

4 By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defil'd;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am own'd a child.

2d Part.

5 Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art
I'll praise thee as I ought.
7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

31 *Jesus.* 6. 7.

JESUS, hail! thou great I AM!
High and holy is thy name;
Angel-harps resound thy praise;
Saints adore thy saving grace;
Every creature bows the knee,
Worshipping thy majesty.
2 Hail, thou everlasting Lord!
"God with us!" incarnate Word!
Glory of thy church thou art,
Life and light of every heart.
Angels, saints, below, above,
Join to praise thy boundless love.

32 *Jesus.* P. M.

LET earth and heaven agree,
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with me
The Saviour of mankind;
To adore the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesu's name.

2 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love.
'Tis all their bliss to sing his grace;
'Tis heaven to see Immanuel's face.

3 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory.
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

33 *Jesus.* C. M.

O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

3 Jesus! he breaks the power of sin,
And sets the prisoner free:
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail for me.

4 He speaks: and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

5 Hear him, ye deaf! his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ!
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come!
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

34 "*They shall call his name Immanuel.*" 7s.
Isa. vii. 14.

SWEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name;
All her hopes my spirit owes
To his birth and cross and shame.

2 When he came the angels sung
"Glory be to God on high!"
Lord, unloose my stammering tongue;
Who should louder sing than I?

3 Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfil?—
Bleed and suffer in my room?—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

4 No, I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.

5 O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,
Every precious name in one,
I will love thee without end.

35 *Immanuel.* C. M.

ALL hail the great Immanuel's name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd of the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

36 "*Unto you is born a Saviour.*" Luke ii. 11. L. M.

MY song shall bless the Lord of all;
My praise shall climb to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great, supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much when in the manger laid
Almighty ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning-stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is the dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleas'd he hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

37 "*God our Saviour.*" Jude 24, 25. S. M.

TO God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
Unblemish'd and complete
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

38 *Saviour.* C. M.

PROCLAIM salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;
His hand hath writ the sacred word,
With an immortal pen.

2 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
Those everlasting lines.

3 His every word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Spake all the promises.

39 *Saviour.* 7s.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, heal'd thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be;
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore,
O for grace to love thee more!

40 "*Hiding-place.*" Isa. xxxii. 2. L. M.

AWAKE, sweet harp of Judah, wake,
Re-tune thy strings for Jesus' sake;
We sing the Saviour of our race,
The Lamb, our shield and hiding-place.

2 When God's right arm is bar'd for war,
And thunders clothe his cloudy car,
Where, where, O where, shall man retire,
To escape the horrors of his ire?

3 'Tis he, the Lamb! to him we fly
While the dread tempest passes by;
God sees his Well-beloved's face,
And spares us in our hiding-place.

41 "*The Lord our Righteousness.*" Jer. xxiii. 6. 7s.

BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Christ the Lord, our Righteousness;
Let our praise to him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

2 Son of God! to thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's Seed,
Glory of thy church, and head.

3 Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

4 Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by thee wrought;
Wrought to set thy people free;
Wrought to bring our souls to thee.

5 May we follow and adore
Thee our Saviour more and more;
Guide and bless us with thy love,
Till we join thy saints above.

42 "*Christ is all and in all.*" Col. iii. 11. C. M.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price,
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ I have,
All gold without alloy.

2 Christ is a Prophet, Priest, and King,
A Prophet full of light:
A Priest who stands 'twixt God and me,
A King who rules with might.

3 This Christ, he is the Lord of lords,
He is the King of kings,
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
With healing in his wings.

4 Christ is my meat; Christ is my drink;
My medicine and my health;
My peace, my strength, my joy, my crown;
My glory, and my wealth.

43 L. M.

"*Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.*"
1 Cor. i. 30.

BURIED in shadows of the night
We lie till Christ restores the light;
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears
Till his atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Our very frame is mix'd with sin;
His Spirit makes our natures clean;
Such virtues from his sufferings flow
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

4 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves with heavy chains;
He sets the prisoners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.

5 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

44 "*Head over all to the Church.*" Eph. i. 22. P. M.

JOIN all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak his worth;
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Array'd in mortal flesh
He like an angel stands;
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne
To make his grace to mortals known.

3 Great Prophet of my God,
My soul would bless thy name!
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

4 I love my Shepherd's voice;
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wandering soul among
The thousands of his sheep:
He feeds his flock; he calls their names;
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

5 Jesus, my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his blood and died:
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone;
And now it pleads before the throne.

6 Almighty sovereign Lord,
My Captain and my King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

45 "*Wisdom.*" Prov. viii. 7. 6.

"ERE God had built the mountains,
Or rais'd the fruitful hills;
Before he fill'd the fountains
That feed the running rills;
In me, from everlasting,
The wonderful I AM
Found pleasures never wasting,
And Wisdom is my name.

2 "When, like a tent to dwell in,
He spread the skies abroad,
And swath'd about the swelling
Of ocean's mighty flood;

He wrought by weight and measure;
And I was with him then;
Myself the Father's pleasure,
And mine, the sons of men."

3 And couldst thou be delighted
With creatures such as we;
Who, when we saw thee, slighted
And nail'd thee to a tree?
Unfathomable wonder,
And mystery divine!
The voice that speaks in thunder
Says, Sinner, I am thine!

46 "*Ancient of days.*" Dan. vii. 9. P. M.

LORD of every land and nation,
" Ancient of eternal days,"
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah! Amen.

2 " Brightness of the Father's glory,"
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Shun, my tongue, such guilty silence;
Sing the Lord who came to die. *Hal. Am.*

3 Did archangels sing thy coming?
Did the shepherds learn their lays?
Shame would cover me, ungrateful,
Should my tongue refuse to praise. *Hal. Am.*

4 From the highest throne in glory
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives—
Flow my praise, for ever flow. *Hal. Am.*

5 Come, return, immortal Saviour;
Come, Lord Jesus, take thy throne;
Quickly come, and reign for ever;
Be the kingdom all thine own. *Hal. Am.*

47 C. M.

Our "High Priest touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Heb. v. 15.

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High-Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

48 *"High Priest."* Heb. ii. 17. L. M.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High-Priest our nature wears;
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 [He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.]

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In every pang that rends the heart
The Man of sorrows has a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

6 With boldness therefore at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aid of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

49 "*He offered up himself.*" Heb. vii. 27. 8. 7.

GREAT High-Priest, we see thee stooping,
With our names upon thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest.
Wondering angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?

2 Nothing but thy blood, O Jesus,
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us;
Nothing else can melt the heart.
Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But the sense of blood-bought pardon
Can dissolve a heart of stone.

50 "*I am the light of the world.*" John viii. 12. 8. 7.

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death,
Come, and all thy love revealing
Dissipate the clouds beneath!
The new heaven and earth's Creator
In our deepest darkness rise,
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring daylight on our eyes.

2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.
Come and manifest the favour
God hath for our ransom'd race;
Jesus, come, exalted Saviour,
Manifest thy gospel-grace!

51 "*There shall come a Star out of Jacob.*" 7s.
Numb. xxiv. 17.

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star;
Jacob's star, that gilds the night,
Guides bewilder'd nature right.

2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death;
Scattering error's wide-spread night,
Kindling darkness into light.

3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare;
Meet him manifested there.

4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

5 Sing, ye morning stars, again;
God descends to dwell with men;
Deigns for man his life to employ;
Shout, ye sons of God, for joy.

52 *"I am the way, and the truth, and the life."* L. M.
John xiv. 6.

JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
He whom I place my hopes upon;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 And nothing may go up thereon,
But travelling souls, and I am one;
Wayfaring men to Canaan bound
Shall only in this way be found.

4 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not;
My grief, my burthen, long hath been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

5 The more I strove against its power,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come unto me; I am the way."

6 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but sin I thee can give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.

7 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!

53 "*He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted.*" C. M.
Luke iv. 18.

HEAL us, Immanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
Deep wounded souls to thee repair,
And, Saviour, we are such.

2 Our faith is feeble, we confess,
We faintly trust thy word;
But wilt thou pity us the less?
Be that far from thee, Lord!

3 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe!" with tears he cried,
"Help thou my unbelief!"

4 She too who touch'd thee in the press
And healing virtue stole
Was answer'd, "Daughter, go in peace;
"Thy faith hath made thee whole."

5 [Conceal'd amid the gathering throng
She would have shunn'd thy view;
And, if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.]

6 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home!
Send none unheal'd away!

54 "*Fountain of living waters.*" Jer. ii. 13. 8. 7.

COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners ruin'd by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you—to me—to all,
In a full, perpetual tide,
Open'd when the Saviour died.

2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty free remission—
Here the troubled peace may find:
Health this fountain will restore;
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 He that drinks shall live for ever;
'Tis a soul-renewing flood:
God is faithful; God will never
Break his covenant in blood;
Sign'd when our Redeemer died;
Seal'd when he was glorified.

55 "*They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them, and that Rock was Christ.*" 1 Cor. x. 4. P. M.

SEE, from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow:
God has open'd there a fountain
That supplies the world below:
They are blessed
Who its sovereign virtues know.

2 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All-enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose;
Every object
Sings for joy where'er it flows.

3 Trees of life the banks adorning
Yield their fruit to all around:
Those who eat are sav'd from mourning;
Pleasure comes and hopes abound;
Fair their portion!
Endless life with glory crown'd.

56 "*Behold, I lay in Sion a chief corner stone; elect, precious.*" Isa. xxviii. 16; 1 Pet. ii. 6. P. M.

WITH ecstacy of joy
Extol his glorious name,
Who rais'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our ruin'd frame;
He built the Church who built the sky;
Sing and exalt his honors high.

2 See the foundation laid
By power and love divine;
Jesus his first-born Son,—
How bright his glories shine!
Lo, he descends! In dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.

57 "*The last Adam was made a quickening spirit.*" 7s.
1 Cor. xv. 45.

COME, Desire of nations, come,
Fix in us thy humble home;
Rise, the woman's conquering seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:

2 Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp thine image in its place;
Second Adam from above
Reinstate us in thy love.

58 "*I am the Vine, ye are the branches.*" 7s.
John xv.

SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.

2 Tenderest branch, alas! am I;
Wither without thee and die;
Weak as helpless infancy:—
O confirm my soul in thee!

3 Unsustain'd by thee I fall;
Send the strength for which I call:
Weaker than a bruised reed
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend;
Love me, save me to the end;
Give me thy sustaining grace:
Take the everlasting praise.

59 *"The good Shepherd."* John x. 8. 7s.

JESUS, seek thy wandering sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my every care,
Bear me, on thy bosom bear;
Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive;
Ever in thy spirit live.

2 Live till all thy life I know,
Following thee, my Lord, below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above;
O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely given;
Enter in by thee to heaven!

60 *"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."* L. M.
Rev. iii. 20.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks; has knock'd before;
Has waited long; is waiting still:
You use no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and open hands;
O matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Cast out his enemy and thine;
That soul-enslaving tyrant, Sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

4 Yet know, nor of the terms complain,
Where Jesus comes, he comes to reign—
To reign with universal sway;
E'en thoughts must die that disobey.

5 Sovereign of souls! thou Prince of peace!
O may thy gentle reign increase!
Throw wide the door, each willing mind;
And be his empire all mankind.

61 "*Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart.*"
Matt. xi. 29. C. M.

JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given,
A name surpassing every name
That's known in earth or heaven:—

2 Before whose throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord;—
Before whose throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord:—

3 Jesus! who in the form of God
Didst equal honor claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
Didst stoop to death and shame:—

4 O may that mind in us be form'd,
Which shone so bright in thee;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free!

5 May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

62 *Teacher and Example.* L. M.

MY great Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will;
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy prayer:
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here:
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

63 "*Looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith.*" Heb. xii. 2. C. M.

AWAKE, my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

64 "*The Forerunner, even Jesus.*" Heb. vi. 20. P. M.

THOUGH nature's strength decay,
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way,
At his command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

2 The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blest,
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest.
There milk and honey flow,
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow
With mercy crown'd.

Part 2. "*Exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour.*" Acts v. 31.

3 There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our Righteousness;
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace
On Sion's sacred height
His kingdom still maintains,
And glorious with his saints in light
For ever reigns.

4 He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side;
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride;
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of Paradise
He still supplies.

65 "*I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.*" Rev. i. 11. P. M.

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end:
'Tis Jesus, "the first and the last,"
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

DEATH OF CHRIST.

66 *Palm Sunday.* L. M.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive Death and conquer'd Sin!

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die!
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain:
Then take, O God, thy power, and reign.

67 10. 7s.

BOUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding—who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb;
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By the side so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful—who is he?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden promis'd ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow;
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

3 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying—who is he?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep,
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of Man! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

4 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful—who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do;"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis thou, 'tis thou!

68 P. M.

CLEFT are the rocks; the earth doth quake;
The slumberers of the grave awake;
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
For Christ our sacrifice is slain,
And bears of sin and death the pain.

2 Lo! nature's face of beaming light
She veils in darkness at the sight
Of him, her God, the crucified.
'Tis man alone that dares deride
The Saviour who for him hath died.

3 Despised is the Man of grief,
Rejected, and denied belief,
By them whose sorrows he hath borne,
For whose transgressions he is torn,
Whose mortal weakness he hath worn.

4 O may we join the song of love
Which saints and angels sing above;
All honor, glory, praise to thee
Which wert, and art, and art to be,
The Lamb slain from eternity!

69 L. M.

FROM Calvary a cry was heard;
A loud, reiterated cry.
My Saviour! every mournful word
Bespeaks thy soul's deep agony.

2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, the Immaculate, the Just;
The congregated hosts of hell
Combin'd to shake thy filial trust.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou couldst bear, and not repine;
But when Jehovah veil'd his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.
4 Lord, on thy cross I fix my eye;
If e'er I slight its pure control,
O let that dying, piercing cry
Melt and reclaim my wandering soul!

70 P. M.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder;
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd,"
Hear the dying Saviour cry!
2 It is finish'd! O what triumph
Do these joyful words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd!"
Saints, his dying words record.
3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs;
Strike them to Immanuel's name!
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join the triumph to proclaim;
"It is finish'd!"
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

71 "*Seen of angels.*" 1 Tim. iii. 16. C. M.

BEYOND the glittering starry skies
Far as th' eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
Our great Redeemer dwells.

2 Immortal angels bright and fair,
In countless armies shine;
At his right-hand with golden harps
They offer songs divine.

3 "Hail, Prince!" they cry, "for ever hail!
Whose unexampled love
Mov'd thee to quit these glorious realms,
And royalties above."

4 Through all his travels here below,
They did his steps attend;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where at last
The scene of love would end.

5 They saw his heart transfixt with wounds,
His crimson sweat and gore:
They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before.

6 They brought his chariot from above,
To bear him to his throne;
Spread their triumphant wings, and cried,
"The glorious work is done."

72 "*I have trodden the wine-press alone.*" Is. 63, 3. P.M.

THINE angels, Christ, we laud in solemn lays,
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,
Who, 'mid thy glory's blaze,
The ceaseless anthem raise,
And gird thy throne in faithful ministry.

2 We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,
The mercies of their King
To mortal saints to bring,
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

3 But thee, the First, the Last, we glorify,
Who, when thy world was sunk in death and sin,
Not with thine hierarchy,
The armies of the sky,
But didst with thine own arm the battle win.

4 Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,
Alone didst tread the wine-press, and alone,
All-glorious in thy gore,
Didst light and life restore
To us who lay in darkness, and undone.

5 Therefore, with angels and archangels, we
To thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,
And tune our songs to thee
Who art, and art to be,
And, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise.

73 L. M.

"*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*" Gal. vi. 14.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so bright a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

74 *Ecce Homo! "Behold the man!"* P. M.
John xix. 5.

WOUNDED head! back plough'd with furrows!
Visage marr'd! behold the man!
Eyes how dim, how full of sorrows,
Sunk with grief! behold the man!

2 Lamb of God led to the slaughter!
Melted, poured out like water!
Should not love my heart inflame,
Viewing thee, thou slaughter'd Lamb?

DEATH OF CHRIST CONTEMPLATED.

In the Hymns 75—87, the Death of Christ is rather contemplated and applied by faith to the soul, than described.

75 C. M.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord! I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

76 L. M.

THE God who once to Israel spoke,
From Sinai's top in fire and smoke,
In gentler strains of gospel grace
Invites us now to seek his face.

2 He wears no terrors on his brow;
He speaks in love from Zion now;
It is the voice of Jesu's blood,
Calling poor wanderers home to God.

3 Hark! how from Calvary it sounds;
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds;
"Pardon and grace I freely give;
"Poor sinner, look to me, and live."

4 O Saviour, let thy power be felt,
And cause each stony heart to melt!
Drawn by thy grace may we begin
To live to thee and die to sin.

77 7s.

WHEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.

2 When on Calvary I rest,
God in flesh made manifest
Shines in my Redeemer's face,
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.

3 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away:
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary.

78 7s.

LET me dwell on Golgotha,
Weep and love my life away,
While I see him on the tree,
Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

2 That dear blood for sinners spilt
Shows my sin in all its guilt:
Ah my soul! he bore thy load;
Thou hast slain the Lamb of God.

3 Farewell, world! thy gold is dross
Now I see the bleeding cross;
Jesus died to set me free
From the law, and sin, and thee.

4 He has dearly bought my soul;
Lord, accept and claim the whole:
To thy will I all resign,
Now no more my own, but thine.

79 8.7.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

80 D. L. M.

FLOW fast my tears! the cause is great;
This tribute claims an injur'd Friend;
One whom I long pursued with hate,
And yet he loves me to the end.
When Death his terrors round me spread,
And aim'd his arrows at my head,
Christ interpos'd; the wound he bore,
And bade the tyrant dare no more.

2 Fast and yet faster flow my tears:
Love breaks the heart, and drowns the eyes;
His visage marr'd towards heaven he rears,
And, pleading for his murderers, dies!

My grief nor measure knows nor end,
Till He appears, the sinner's friend;
And gives me in a happy hour
To feel the risen Saviour's power.

81 6. 8.

LOOK back, my soul, and take a view
Of Christ expiring on the tree;
Behold thy Saviour breathe his last,
To buy eternal life for thee.
Behold, he faints—"'Tis finish'd," cries;
Reclines his sacred head, and dies.

2 Methinks I see the purpled earth
Startle to feel his sacred blood;
The sun retires, and from their graves
Saints rise to hail the Son of God.
Each sympathizing rock appears
More tender than his murderers.

3 Obdurate heart! shall mountains heave,
And Nature mourn her best belov'd;
Shall the rocks tremble at his voice,
And I alone abide unmov'd?
Shall I not weep his death to see,
Who wept in tears of blood for me?

82 "*There shall be a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.*" Zech. xiii. 1. C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoic'd to see
That fountain in his day:
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Be sav'd to sin no more.

4 Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

6 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

83 148th.

HAIL, everlasting spring!
Celestial fountain, hail!
Thy streams salvation bring,
Thy waters never fail:
Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our woe
A sovereign cure.

2 Blest be his wounded side,
And blest his bleeding heart,
Who all in anguish died
Such favors to impart:
His sacred blood
Shall make us clean
From every sin,
And fit for God.

84 L. M.

O COME, thou wounded Lamb of God!
Come, wash us in thy cleansing blood;
Give us to know thy love; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

2 Take our poor hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but thee;
Seal thou our breasts, and let us wear
Thy pledge of love for ever there.

3 How can it be, thou heavenly King,
That thou shouldst man to glory bring?
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,
And deck them with a glorious crown?

4 Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongue to tell
Thy love, immense, unsearchable.

5 First-born of many brethren thou!
To thee both earth and heaven must bow;
Help us to thee our all to give;
Thine may we die; thine may we live.

85 6. 7.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 [Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and thou alone.]

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Guilty, plead thy righteousness:
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

86 Heb. x. 1—22. S. M.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ the heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

87 L. M.

NOW let us join with hearts and tongues,
And emulate the angels' songs;
Yea, sinners may address their King
In songs that angels cannot sing.

2 They praise the Lamb who once was slain;
But we can add a higher strain;
Not only say, "He suffer'd thus,
But that he suffer'd all for us."

3 Jesus, who pass'd the angels by,
Assum'd our flesh to bleed and die;
And still he makes it his abode;
As man he fills the throne of God.

4 But ah! how faint our praises rise!
Sure 'tis the wonder of the skies
That we, who share his richest love,
So cold and unconcern'd should prove.

5 O glorious hour! it comes with speed—
When we, from sin and darkness freed,
Shall see the Lord who died for man,
And praise him more than angels can.

88 "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.*" C. M.
Rev. v. 12.

COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

89 Rev. v. 13. C. M.

SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Glory, honor, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer.
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin
At hell's dark door we lay:
But we arise by grace divine
To see a heavenly day.

Glory, honor, &c.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Glory, honor, &c.

4 *Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,*
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

Glory, honor, &c.

90 7s.

LOVE'S mysterious work is done;
Greet we now th' atoning Son;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

2 Christ, of all our hopes the seal,
Peace divine in him we feel;
Everlasting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.

3 Christ to laud in songs divine,
Angels and archangels join;
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.

4 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live by heaven and earth ador'd;
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high!

91 6. 7.

YE that in his courts are found
Listening to the joyful sound,
Lost and helpless as ye are,
Sons of sorrow sin and care,
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

2 Turn to Christ your longing eyes;
View his bloody sacrifice;
See in him your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven:
Glorify the King of kings;
Take the peace the gospel brings.

SACRAMENTAL HYMNS.

The Hymns on the Death of Christ, and on his Death contemplated, may also be used for the Sacrament.

92 *"All things are ready; come, &c."* L. M.
Matt. xxii. 4.

SINNERS, obey the gospel word!
Haste to the supper of the Lord:
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready; come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit of his love
Just now the stony heart to move:
To apply, and witness with his blood,
And wash, and seal, the sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps, they long to praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

93 Part 2d. L. M.

O COME, ye sinners, to your Lord,
In Christ to Paradise restor'd;
His proffer'd benefits embrace,
The plenitude of gospel grace.

2 A pardon written with his blood,
The favor and the peace of God;
The seeing eye, the feeling sense,
The mystic joys of penitence;

3 The godly fear, the pleasing smart,
The meltings of a broken heart:
The tears that tell your sins forgiven:
The sighs that waft your souls to heaven:
4 The guiltless shame, the sweet distress,
The unutterable tenderness:
The genuine, meek humility:
The wonder, "why such love to me!"
5 Th' o'erwhelming power of saving grace;
The sight that veils the seraph's face;
The speechless awe that dares not move;
And all the silent heaven of love.

94 *"My flesh is meat indeed and my blood is drink indeed."* John vi. 55. 6. 7.

BREAD of heaven! on thee I feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed.
Ever may my soul be fed
With this true and living bread;
Day by day with strength supplied
Through the life of Him who died.
2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice.
'Tis thy wounds my healing give:
To thy cross I look and live.
Thou my life! O let me be
Rooted, grafted, Lord, in thee.

95 *"Do this in remembrance of me."* C. M.

THY body broken for my sake
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And, Lord, remember thee.

2 Gethsemane can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember thee?

3 When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee!

4 Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me—
Yes! while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

96 P. M.

O THOU who didst this rite reveal,
Of our blest faith the sign and seal,
Around thine altar, Lord, we kneel,
Met to remember thee.

2 Thou faintly lov'd and feebly sought,
Too oft forsaken and forgot;
With contrite shame, with sorrowing thought,
Lord, we remember thee.

3 Thou in our suffering flesh hast dwelt;
Guiltless, our load of guilt hast felt;
Shall not our hearts within us melt,
Saviour, remembering thee?

4 'Twas love, untold, unfathom'd love,
Which brought thee from thy throne above;
And shall not love our bosoms move
While we remember thee?

5 Through thee the feeblest shall prevail;
Thou wilt not leave, thou canst not fail;
Thy dying words, O Lord, we hail,
And thus remember thee.

97 6. 8.

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek thy shelter here;
Weary and weak thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain,
Long have we sought thy rest in vain:
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away!

98 6. 8.

TO thee, thou bleeding Lamb, to thee,
For pardon, peace, and life we flee;
The shelter of thy Cross we claim;
Thy righteousness alone we name.
Now at thy feet we suppliant fall,
Our Lord, our Life, our All in All!

99 John xix. 34. S. M.

THE Saviour's pierced side
Pour'd out a double flood;
By *water* we are purified,
And pardon'd by the *blood*.

2 Look up, my soul, to him
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his breaking heart.

100 C. M.

HOW condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 This was compassion like a God,
That, when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew.

3 Now though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary;
Nor let his saints forget.

4 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardon'd guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the Lord.

101 "*Peace I leave with you.*" John xiv. 27. P. M.

LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We now recall to mind,
Send thine answer from above,
And let us mercy find:
Think on us who think on thee,
And every struggling soul release;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away:
Burst our bonds and set us free,
From all iniquity release;
O remember, &c.

3 Never would we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve;
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Let our souls abide in thee,
Renew us in thine holiness;
O remember, &c.

102 7s.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Fix, O fix our wavering mind;
To thy cross our spirits bind;
Gladly now would we be clean;
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

3 Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Thine we are, thou Son of God;
Take the purchase of thy blood.

4 Who in heart on thee believes,
He the atonement now receives;
He with joy beholds thy face,
Triumphs in thy pardoning grace.

103 *"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us."* L. M.
1 Cor. v. 7.

HAIL, thou once-despised Jesus!
Hail, thou Galilean king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.

2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:

3 All thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Open'd is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

104 Rev. i. 5. P. M.

NOW to him who lov'd us—gave us
Every pledge that love could give;
Freely shed his blood, to save us;
Gave his life that we might live—
Be the kingdom, and dominion,
And the glory evermore.

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105 *Litany.* D. 7s.

SAVIOUR! when in dust to thee
Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When repentant to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes—
O! by all the pains and woe
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany!

2 By thy helpless infant years,
By thy life of want and tears,
By thy days of sore distress
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread, permitted hour
Of the insulting tempter's power,
Turn, O turn a pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany!

3 By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept,
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lov'd abode,
By the troubled sigh that told
Treachery lurk'd within thy fold,
From thy seat above the sky
Hear our solemn litany!

4 By thine hour of dire despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn,
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn litany!

5 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God,
O! from earth to heaven restor'd,
Mighty re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn litany!

106 *Litany.* 7s.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe;
When our bitter tears o'erflow;
When we mourn the lost, the dear;
Gracious Son of David, hear!

2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of David, hear!

3 When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of David, hear!

4 Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of David, hear!

5 When the heart is sad within
With the sense of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of David, hear!

6 Thou the shame, the grief hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
Gracious Son of David, hear!

107 *Litany.* P. M.

LORD of mercy and of might,
Of mankind the life and light,
Maker, Teacher infinite,
Jesus, hear and save!

2 Who when sin's tremendous doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus, hear and save!

3 Mighty Monarch! Saviour mild!
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
Jesus, hear and save!

4 Thron'd above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save!

5 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then;
Jesus, hear and save!

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108 HIS DEATH AND RESURRECTION. P. M.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour;
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraign'd;
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs his soul sustain'd!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle sublime,
God's own sacrifice complete;
"It is finish'd;" hear him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;—
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen;—He meets our eyes;
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

109 *His Death and Resurrection.* L. M.

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
A solemn darkness veils the skies;
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For him who groan'd beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree;
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's courts he flies;
Angelic hosts attend him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains.

6 Say, live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem and strong to save!
Then ask, O Death, where is thy sting?
And where thy victory, O Grave?

RESURRECTION.

110 *Easter-Day.* P. M.

HAIL, holy day, most blest, most dear!
When death's dark region, sad and drear,
Those strange mysterious sounds did hear,
"The Lord is risen!"

2 The holy captive's bonds are riven,
To him the keys of death are given,
Be glad, O earth! and shout, O heaven!
"The Lord is risen!"

3 Shall this triumphant theme inspire
Each angel's song, each seraph's lyre,
And I not sing with such a choir,
"The Lord is risen?"

4 Yet not for them his life he gave;
He did not die their souls to save;
It is for man that from the grave
"The Lord is risen."

5 For man he left his glorious throne,
For man to death's dark realm went down;
And now to heaven for man alone
"The Lord is risen!"

111 *Easter-Day.* 7s.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday:
Who endur'd the cross and grave
Sinners to redeem and save.

2 Lo, he rises, mighty King!
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Lo, he claims his native sky!
Grave, where is thy victory?

3 Sinners, see your ransom paid;
Peace with God for ever made:
With your risen Saviour rise;
Claim with him the purchas'd skies.

4 Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holiday:
Loud the song of victory raise;
Sing the great Redeemer's praise.

112 *Easter-Day.* 7s.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day," *Hal.*
Sons of men and angels say: *Hal.*
Raise your joys and triumphs high; *Hal.*
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth reply. *Hal.*

2 Love's redeeming work is done, *Hallelujah!*
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Hallelujah!*
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ hath open'd Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King; *Hallelujah!*
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led, *Hallelujah!*
Following our exalted head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

113 "*I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.*" Rev. i. 18. L. M.

THE Saviour lives, no more to die;
He lives, the Lord enthron'd on high;
He lives, triumphant o'er the grave;
He lives, eternally to save.

2 He lives, to still his people's fears;
He lives, to wipe away their tears;
He lives, their mansions to prepare;
He lives, to bring them safely there.

3 Ye mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Dismiss your gloomy, groundless fears;
And let your hearts with this revive,
That Jesus Christ is yet alive.

114 "*Thou hast led captivity captive.*" P. M.

THE happy morn is come:
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save:
Captivity is captive led;
For Jesus liveth that was dead.

2 Who now accuses them
For whom their Surety died?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified?
Captivity, &c.

3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
The glorious work is done;
On him our help is laid;
By him our victory won.
Captivity, &c.

115 *Easter-Day.* C. M.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

2 O! what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom!
O! what a sun which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb!

3 The powers of darkness leagued in vain
To bind our Lord in death:
He shook their kingdom, when he fell,
By his expiring breath.

4 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung:
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

5 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this happy morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
On nations yet unborn.

116 C. M.

ALONE the dreadful race he ran;
Alone the wine-press trod;
He groans, he dies;—behold the man!
He lives;—behold the God!

2 In vain the watch, the stone, the seal,
Forbid the Lord to rise;
He breaks the gates of death and hell,
And opens Paradise.

117 7s.

HARK! ten thousand voices cry,
"Victory, victory," through the sky!
Swiftly flies the welcome sound,
Spreading rapturous joy around.

2 Jesus comes, his conflict over,
Comes to claim his great reward:
Angels round the victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord.

3 O what honors now await him!
Friends and foes shall hear his voice;
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate him;
Ye who love his name, rejoice.

4 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now become the victor's seat:
Lo! the man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet.

5 Day and night they cry before him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word.

ASCENSION.

See Psalms xxiv. xlvii. lxviii. cx.

118 L. M.

NOW for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heavenly lays;
Tell the loud wonders he has done.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And the bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Down to this base, this sinful earth
He came to raise our natures high;
He came to atone almighty wrath;
Jesus the God was born to die.

4 Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The almighty captive prisoner lay;
The almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

5 Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus the God exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues,
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

119 P. M.

COME ye who love the Lord,
And feel his quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore:
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious name.

2 He left his throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died:
The pangs he bore what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

3 He burst the grave; he rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence his vanquish'd foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.

4 He soon again will come,
His chariot will not stay,
To take his children home
To realms of endless day:
We there shall see him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace.

120 8. 7.

GLORY, glory to our King!
Crowns unfading wreathe his head:
Jesus is the name we sing;
Jesus risen from the dead;
Jesus conqueror o'er the grave;
Jesus mighty now to save.

2 Jesus is gone up on high;
Angels come to meet their King;
Shouts triumphant rend the sky,
While the victor's praise they sing:
"Open now, ye heavenly gates!
"'Tis the King of glory waits."

3 Now behold him high enthron'd;
Glory beaming from his face;
By adoring angels own'd
God of holiness and grace.
O for hearts and tongues to sing
"Glory, glory to our King!"

4 Jesus, on thy people shine;
Warm our hearts and tune our tongues;
That with angels we may join,
Share their bliss and swell their songs.
Glory, honor, praise and power,
Lord, be thine for evermore!

121 8. 7.

HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.
There the pomp of triumph waits:
"Lift your heads, eternal gates;
"Wide unfold the radiant scene;
"Let the King of glory in."

2 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves:

Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.
Still for them he intercedes;
Prevalent his death he pleads;
Next himself prepares their place,
Saviour of the human race.

3 Master, (may we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See thy faithful servants, see!
Ever gazing up to thee.
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee beyond the skies.

4 Ever upward may we move,
Wafted on the wings of love;
Looking when our Lord shall come;
Longing, panting after home.
There may we with thee remain,
Partners of thine endless reign;
There thy face unclouded see,
Find our heaven of heavens in thee.

122 P. M.

REJOICE, the Lord is King;
Your Lord and King adore;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purg'd our stains,
He took his seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven:
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Saviour given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

5 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice:
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

123 8. 7.

JESUS, hail! enthron'd in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:

There for sinners thou art pleading;
  There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
  Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
  Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
  Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
  Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
  Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

124 8. 7.

FAR above yon glorious ceiling
  Of the azure-vaulted sky,
Jesus sits, his love revealing
  To the splendid troops on high.
Hosts seraphic, humbly bowing,
  At his footstool prostrate fall;
Saints and angels all avowing
  God in Christ, their all in all.

2 Could we leave our foolish dreaming
  Of a fancied heaven below,
And see Jesus' glory beaming,
  How our souls would long to go!
Earth would then by us be spurned,
  All its vanities subside;
Fuel fitting to be burned,
  Are its honors, pleasure, pride.

3 We should for his day be waiting,
When the full reward is given;
When his glorious work completing,
Jesus takes his church to heaven.
Pure from every stain of nature,
There in holiness to shine;
Modell'd like its great Creator,
All immortal, all divine.

125 S. M.

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ the eternal King.

4 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come:"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

5 Then shall our rapturous tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices swell the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

126 S. M.

PREPARE a thankful song
To the Redeemer's name;
His praises should employ each tongue,
And every heart inflame.
Praise ye the Lord, *Hallelujah!*

2 Upon the cross he died
Our debt of sin to pay;
The blood and water from his side
Wash all our guilt away.
Praise ye, &c.

3 And now he pleading stands
For us, before the throne,
And answers all the law's demands,
With what himself hath done.
Praise ye, &c.

4 The Holy Ghost he sends
Our stubborn souls to move;
To make his enemies his friends,
And conquer them by love.
Praise ye, &c.

127 7s.

EARTH, rejoice; our Lord is King!
Sons of men, his praises sing;
Sing ye in triumphant strains,
Jesus our Messiah reigns!

2 Power is all to Jesus given,
Lord of hell, and earth, and heaven;
Every knee to him shall bow;
Satan, hear, and tremble now!

3 Angels and archangels join,
All triumphantly combine;
All in Jesu's praise agree,
Carrying on his victory.

4 Our Messiah is come down;
Claims the nations for his own;
Bids them stand before his face,
Triumph in his saving grace.

MISSIONARY.

See Psalms 2, 45, 67, 68 (2d version), 72.

128 "*I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance.*" Ps. ii. 8. P. M.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jubilee! let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Let the Indian, let the negro,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtain'd on Calvary:
Let the gospel loud resound from pole to pole.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
So Immanuel's fair dominions
Shall extend and still increase,
Till the kingdoms of the world are all his own.

129 Isa. lv. 10, 11. P. M.

MARK the soft falling snow
And the diffusive rain;
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth through every pore,
And calls forth all its secret store.

2 "So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend."
Millions of souls shall feel its power,
And bear it down to millions more.

130 "*Come over, and help us.*" Acts xvi. 9. 8. 7.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name!

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

131 "*For the work of Christ nigh unto death.*"
Phil. ii. 30. L. M.

MARK'D as the purpose of the skies
This promise meets our anxious eyes;
That heathen lands the Lord shall know,
And warm with faith each bosom glow.

2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes appear;
E'en now unfolds the promis'd year;
Lo! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And swell the tidings of thy grace.

3 'Mid burning climes and frozen plains,
Where pagan darkness brooding reigns,
O mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm, and clear their view!

4 When worn by toil their spirits fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way.

132 "*That they may also obtain the salvation which is in Christ.*" 2 Tim. ii. 10. 6. 8.

CHRISTIANS, the glorious hope we know
Which soothes the heart in every woe;
While heathen helpless, hopeless lie;
No ray of glory meets their eye:
O give to their desiring sight
The hope that Jesus brought to light!

2 Christians, ye prize the Saviour's blood,
In which the soul is cleans'd for God.
Millions of souls in darkness dwell,
Uncleans'd from sin, expos'd to hell;
O strive that heathens soon may view
That precious blood which cleanseth you!

133 "*Let there be light,—and there was light.*" Gen. i. 3. P. M.

THOU, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard, and took their flight;
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray, let there be light!

2 Thou who didst come to bring
On thy protecting wing healing and light,
Light to the inly blind,
Health to the sick in mind,
O now to all mankind let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove, speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the water's face,
By thine almighty grace,
And in earth's darkest place let there be light!

RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

131 "*In his days Judah shall be saved.*" S. M.
Jer. xxiii. 6.

ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did spring
To give the nations fruit!

2 At length let Israel rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Their thirsty lips salvation taste,
Their fainting hearts be glad.

3 Fair Morning Star, arise,
With living glories bright,
And pour on their awakening eyes
A flood of sacred light.

4 Let every shade subside
Before thy powerful ray;
Shine, and their wandering footsteps guide
To everlasting day.

135 "*O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord.*" Isa. ii. 5. P. M.

O HOUSE of Jacob, come,
And walk with us in light!
No more bewilder'd roam,
Like wanderers in the night:
The Hope of Israel calls you near,
And Abraham's shield, and Isaac's fear.

2 O thou by tempests toss'd,
Revil'd, opprest, trod down,
In every region cross'd,
With grief familiar grown;
Scatter'd and abject, peel'd, forlorn,
Thy name a taunt, thyself a scorn;—

3 Rise, Jacob, from thy woes;
Thine own Messiah see:
He who thy fathers chose
Waiteth to pardon thee.
At his command we bid thee come;
Lost Israel Zion welcomes home.

136 "*How is she become as a widow! She that was great among the nations.*" Lam. i. 1. 7s.

WHERE, where is Zion's helper?
Our fathers' God, our Father?
Her foes insulting scatter;
Her scatter'd children gather.

2 Jerusalem lies prostrate,
Her walls and bulwarks broken;
Gone is her ancient glory,
We see no ancient token.

3 Jerusalem thy chosen
Remember in her sadness;
And for her days of weeping
Renew her days of gladness.

4 She sits a captive widow,
Bereft, forlorn, forsaken;
Thrown down her holy altars,
Her priests, her princes taken.

5 Arm of the Lord outstretched,
Regard her desolation;
Revive, restore, recover,
And grant her thy salvation!

137 "*Hast thou utterly rejected Judah? Hath thy soul loathed Zion?*" Jer. xiv. 19. L. M.

O WHY should Israel's sons, once blest,
Still roam the scorning world around;
Disown'd of heaven, by man opprest,
Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground?

2 O God of Judah, view their race!
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;
Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
To hail in Christ their promis'd King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The sever'd olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 While Judah views his birthright gone,
With contrite shame his bosom move,
The Saviour he denied to own,
The Lord he crucified to love.

5 Haste, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour;
With eager feet one temple throng,
One God with grateful praise adore.

138 "*The Lord shall yet comfort Zion.*" P. M.
Zech. i. 17.

ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,—
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful prov'd?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmov'd?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well belov'd.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end.
Great deliverance
Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble;
All thy wrongs shall be redrest;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favour blest;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

139 "*Jacob shall return, and shall be in rest.*" P. M.
Jer. xxx. 10.

COME, thou glorious day of promise,
Come and spread thy cheerful ray,
When the scatter'd sheep of Israel
Shall no longer go astray;
When Hosannas with united voice they cry.

2 Lord, how long wilt thou be angry?
Shall thy wrath for ever burn?
Rise! redeem thine ancient people!
Their transgressions from them turn!
King of Israel, come and set thy people free!

THE REIGN OF CHRIST AND HIS COMING TO JUDGMENT.

140 P. M.

GREAT God of Hosts, come down in thy glory;
Shake earth and heaven with thine awful tread:
Seal thou the book of our world's dark story;
Summon to judgment the quick and the dead.

2 Great God of Hosts, come down to rule o'er us,
Long have we pray'd for thy peaceful reign:
Change this sad earth to an Eden before us;
Make it the mansion of bliss again.

3 Great God of Hosts, the dreadful, the glorious,
Come and set up thy kingly throne:
Over the legions of hell victorious,
Rule in the world of thy saints alone.

141 2 Thess. i. 7, 8. L. M.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come! but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruis'd, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come! a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed judge of human kind.

4 Can this be He, who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppress'd, and mock'd by pride,
The Nazarene, the crucified?

5 Go, sinners, to the rocks complain;
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain:
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—"The Lord is come!"

142 Matt. xxvii. 64. P. M.

THE Lord of *might*, from Sinai's brow
Gave forth his voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,
And at his left hand and his right
The rocks were rent asunder.

2 The Lord of *love*, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Uprais'd to heaven his languid eye,
In nature's hour of danger:
For us he bore the weight of woe;
For us he gave his blood to flow,
And met his Father's anger.

3 The Lord of *love*, the Lord of *might*,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim his right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er Death and Hell defeated.

143 Rev. xix. 6. D. 7s.

HARK, the song of Jubilee!
Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
Or the fulness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore:—
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the depths unto the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword;—he speaks;—'tis done;
And the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway:
He shall reign, when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away:
Then the end:——beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is All in All.

144 P. M.

"*Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; and they also which pierced him.*" Rev. i. 7.

LO! he comes, with clouds descending,
Once for favor'd sinners slain:
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of his train.
Hallelujah!
Christ is come to earth again.

2 Every eye shall now behold him
Rob'd in dreadful majesty:
They who set at nought and sold him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the tree,
Deeply wailing
Shall the great Messiah see.

3 [Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven and earth, shall flee away:
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day:
Come to judgment!
Come to judgment! come away!]

4 Now redemption long expected
See in solemn pomp appear!
All his saints, by man rejected,
Rise and meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear!

5 Yea! Amen! let all adore thee,
High on thine exalted throne.
Saviour, take the power and glory,
Claim the kingdoms for thine own:
O come quickly!
Hallelujah! come Lord, come!

145 "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" Amos iv. 12. P. M.

GREAT God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
The trumpet sounds! the graves restore
The dead which they contain'd before!
Prepare, my soul, to meet him!

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepar'd to meet him.

3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone:
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepar'd to meet him.

4 Great God! what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated!
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

146 Dan. xii. 2. P. M.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round.
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
Cloth'd in majesty divine!
You who long for his appearing
Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine!

3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea;
All the powers of nature, shaken
By his looks, prepare to flee.
Careless sinner!
What will then become of thee?

4 But to those who have confessed,
Lov'd, and serv'd the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near ye blessed!
"See the kingdom I bestow:
"You for ever
"Shall my love and glory know."

147 "*I will sing of mercy and judgment.*"
Ps. ci. 1. 6. 8.

THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Does through the rending tombs rebound,
And wakes the nations under ground.
The Judge ascends his awful throne,
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

2 Thou great Creator of mankind,
Amazing fears o'erwhelm my mind:
Let my lost soul compassion find.
My sins my heart with anguish rend;
My God, my Saviour, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in the end.

3 Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
In storms of guilty terror tost.
Thou mighty but most awful King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring.

4 Thou, who for me didst feel such pain,
Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
Let not those agonies be vain.
Thou whom avenging powers obey,
Cancel my debt, too great to pay,
Before the last accounting day.

148 "*Kiss the Son, lest he be angry and ye perish.*" Ps. ii. 12. S. M.

AND will the Judge descend,
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away?

3 Ye sinners seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear:
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

149 "*The great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?*" Rev. vi. 17. L. M.

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away—
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

3 O on that day—that awful day
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

150 Rev. xxii. 11. C. M.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear!

2 If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear!

151 Luke xxi. 25. 7s.

IN the sun and moon and stars
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

2 Soon shall ocean's hoary deep
Toss'd with stronger tempests rise;
Darker storms the mountain sweep,
Redder lightning rend the skies.

3 Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
Racking doubt and restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud
Shall the Judge of men appear.

4 But though from that awful face
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
Fear not ye, his chosen race;
"Your redemption draweth nigh."

152 *"I counsel thee to buy of me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed."* Rev. iii. 18. L. M.

JESU, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
Midst flaming worlds in these array'd
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath liv'd and died for me.

3 Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully through thee absolv'd I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

4 Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners, thee proclaim;—
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

5 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruin'd nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The love of Christ is ever new.

6 O let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy banish'd ones rejoice!
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesu, thy blood and righteousness.

GOD THE HOLY GHOST.

153 "*The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.*" Gen. i. 2. P. M.

ERE the world, with light invested,
Rose from its primeval sleep,
Gloom and desolation rested
On the surface of the deep;
Earth and ocean
Form'd one rude and shapeless heap.

2 There the Holy Spirit moving
Wide his fostering pinions spread,
Till, beneath his power improving,
Nature seem'd no longer dead;
Light and beauty
Rose to crown her radiant head.

3 Blessed Spirit, we implore thee,
Yet once more thy succour lend;
Scatter the thick clouds before thee,
Which through all the earth extend;
On all nations
Bid the light of life descend.

154 *Whit-Sunday.* L. M.

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed thine influence from above!
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of thy sacred day.

2 In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's amazing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

3 Unfailing Comfort, heavenly Guide,
Still o'er thy favor'd church preside!
Still may mankind thy blessings prove,
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

155 *Whit-Sunday.* C. M.

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and fear he came;
Before his feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame.

2 But when he came the second time,
He came in power and love,
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd the holy Dove.

3 The fires that rush'd on Sinai down,
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

4 Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not lose the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear.

156 "*He shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever.*" John xiv. 16. P. M.

COME, Holy Ghost! one ray of love,
From thy perennial fount above,
Shoot down into my breast;
Come, Father of the fatherless,
Whom none but thou console or bless,
Heart's hope, heart's light, heart's rest.

2 Thou art our soul's most loving guest,
Of all her comforters the best,
Her stay and solace here;
Rest to the weary and the poor,
Who suffer long and travail sore,
With none but thee to cheer.

157 "*Breathe on these slain, that they may live.*" Ezek. xxxvii. 9. L. M.

LOOK down, O Lord, with pitying eye;
See Adam's race in ruin lie;
Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

2 And can these mouldering bones revive?
And can the souls of sinners live?
That, mighty God, to thee is known;
That wondrous work is all thine own.

3 Thy messengers are sent in vain
To prophesy upon the slain;
In vain they call, in vain they cry,
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,
Life spreads through all the realms of death;
Dry bones obey thy powerful voice,
They move, they waken, they rejoice.

158 "*Know ye not that ye are the temple of the Holy Ghost?*" 1 Cor. iii. 16. 6. 8.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

3 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Chase from our minds the infernal foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

4 Immortal honor, endless fame,
Attend the almighty Father's name;
The Saviour Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died:
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

159 "*He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire.*" Matt. iii. 11. 6. 8.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire!
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart;
Thy blessed unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

2 Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of thy grace;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide no ill can come.

3 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but one;
That through the ages all along
This may be our endless song—
Praise to thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!

160 "*The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost.*" Rom. v. 5. C. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 O Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers!
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

161 "*He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.*" John xvi. 8. S. M.

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

3 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To illuminate the soul,
To breathe fresh life through every part,
And new create the whole.

162 "*The Spirit lifted me up.*" Ezek. iii. 14. L. M.

DESCEND from heaven, immortal Dove,
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things,
Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

2 O for a sight, a nearer sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light,
Cloth'd in a body like our own.
Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

163 "*The earnest of the Spirit.*" 2 Cor. i. 22. 7s.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light around us shine:
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with thy peace and love.

2 Pardon to the contrite give,
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God,
Wash us in his precious blood.

3 Earnest thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

4 Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in our heavenly way;
Bring us to thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

164 "*The Spirit helpeth our infirmities.*" 7s.
Rom. viii. 26.

HOLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart.

2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way
Where our steps have gone astray:

3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.

4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.

5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race.
Train'd by wisdom, led by love,
Till we reach our rest above.

165 "*The wind bloweth where it listeth.*" L. M.
John iii. 8.

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling I cry, "Sweet Spirit come;
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way."

2 Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread the sail,
Thou, thou must breathe the auspicious gale.

166 "*The Spirit beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God.*" Rom.viii.16. C. M.

WHY should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

167 "*Holy Spirit of promise.*" Eph. i. 13. S. M.

THOU Comforter divine,
Let thy bright rays of love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

168 *"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God."* L. M.
Eph. iv. 30.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my rising fears;
And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;

3 Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace receiv'd;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd;—

4 Yet, O! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

169 *Litany to the Holy Spirit.* P. M.

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

2 When I lie upon my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts disquieted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

3 When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

4 When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And condemns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

5 When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd,
When to thee I have appeal'd,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

THE SCRIPTURES.

Psalms on the Scriptures are 19 (2d version), 119 (the five versions).

"HOLY MEN OF GOD SPAKE AS THEY WERE MOVED BY THE HOLY GHOST." 2 *Pet.* i. 21.

170 "*He shall receive of mine and shall shew it unto you.*" John xvi. 14. C. M.

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The hand that gave thee still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of Him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

171 "*Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage.*" Ps. cxix. L. M.

I LOVE the sacred book of God,
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings and bids me fly.

2 Sweet book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then conceal'd;
When I have reach'd the heavenly shore
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

4 When, midst the throng celestial plac'd,
The bright original I see
From which thy sacred page was trac'd,
Sweet book, I've no more need of thee.

5 But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love;
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

172 "*The word of God is quick and powerful,*" *&c.* L. M.
Heb. iv. 12.

EYE of God's word—where'er we turn
Ever upon us—thy keen gaze
Can all the depths of sin discern,
Unravel every bosom's maze.

2 Who that has felt thy glance of dread
Thrill through his heart's remotest cells,
About his path, about his bed,
Can doubt what spirit in thee dwells?

3 God's witnesses, a glorious host,
Compass us daily like a cloud;
Martyrs and seers, the sav'd and lost,
Mercies and judgments cry aloud.

4 Yet shall to us the still small voice
That first into our bosom found
A way, and fix'd our wavering choice,
Nearest and dearest ever sound.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

173 *Trinity Sunday.* P. M.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee.
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

174 P. M.

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And better hopes above:
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honor done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

175 P. M.

CREATOR, Saviour, strengthening Guide!
Now on thy mercy's ocean wide,
Far out of sight we seem to glide.

2 The busy world a thousand ways
Is hurrying by, nor ever stays
To catch a note of thy dear praise.

3 The blessed angels look and long
To praise thee with a worthier song;
And yet our silence does thee wrong.

4 By all the grace thy heavens still hide,
We pray thee, keep us at thy side,
Creator, Saviour, strengthening Guide!

176 7s.

GREAT the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When (their theme of praise the same)
They exalt Jehovah's name.

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's unbounded love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts he strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

5 Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they sing Jehovah's name.

177 7s.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord! Hal.
Live, by heaven and earth ador'd: Hal.
Full of thee they ever cry Hal.
" Glory be to God on high!" Hal.

2 Thee to laud in songs divine Hal.
Angels and archangels join: Hal.
We with them our voices raise, Hal.
Echoing thine eternal praise. Hal.

178 L. M.

FATHER of Heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found;
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death;
Before thy throne we sinners bend,
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Love, grace, and life, to us extend.

179 8. 7.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

180 P. M.

BEFORE the great Three-One
The saints exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done,
Through all their land.
The listening hosts attend,
And swell the growing fame;
And sing in songs which never end
The wondrous name.

2 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing:
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Almighty King!
Who wast, and art the same,
And evermore shalt be;
Jehovah, Father, great I AM!
We worship thee.

3 Before the Saviour's face
The ransom'd nations bow,
O'erwhelm'd at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
His wounds, those prints of love,
They view, and bless his name;
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughter'd Lamb.

4 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays:
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

DOXOLOGIES.

181 L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

182 C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore!

183 7s.

SING we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love.
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

THE CHRISTIAN.

THE RISE AND PROGRESS;
THE GRACES, DISPOSITIONS, AND DIGNITY;
THE ORDINANCES AND PRIVILEGES;
THE CONFLICTS, VICTORY, AND GLORY
OF DIVINE GRACE IN HIS SOUL.

HIS REPENTANCE AND FAITH.

CONTAINING CONVICTIONS OF SIN, HOPE AND ACCEPTANCE OF MERCY, ENCOURAGEMENT, RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD, DEVOTION TO GOD.

See Psalm 51 (the four parts).

184 "*Flee from the wrath to come.*" Matt. iii. 7. S. M.

MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins;
I feel, alas! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.

2 Ah whither shall I fly?
I hear the thunder roar:
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.

3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom:
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."

4 I see, or think I see,
A glimmering from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me,
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

185 "*I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself.*" Jer. xxxi. 18. L. M.

O LORD my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn!
To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die!

2 O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow?
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain?

3 For pleasure I have given my soul;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll;
Now, vengeance, smite; and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.

4 Yet Jesus, Jesus!—there I'll cling;
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing;
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
Me, even me, his love may spare.

186 D. L. M.

"*Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God.*" Jer. iii. 13.

O LORD, turn not thy face away from them
that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life with tears and
bitter cry;
Thy mercy gates are open wide to them that
mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord! but let us
enter in.

2 We need not to confess our fault, for surely
thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are, thou
knowest very well:
Wherefore to beg and to entreat with tears we
come to thee,
As children that have done amiss fall at their
father's knee.

3 And need we, then, O Lord, repeat the bless-
ing which we crave,
When thou dost know before we speak the
thing that we would have?
Mercy, O Lord! mercy we seek:—this is the
total sum:
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;—O let
thy mercy come!

187 "*And yet there is room.*" Luke xiv. 22. L. M.

PITY a helpless sinner, Lord,
Who would believe thy gracious word;
But own my heart with shame and grief
All full of sin and unbelief.

2 Lord, in thy house I'm told there's room;
With doubts and fears behold I come:
But can there—tell me—can there be
Among thy children room for me?

3 For sinners Jesus came to bleed;
And I'm a sinner vile indeed:
Lord, I believe thy grace is free;
O magnify that grace in me!

188 "*Behold I am vile.*" Job xl. 4. S. M.

O LORD, how vile am I,
Unholy and unclean!
How can I dare to venture nigh
With such a load of sin?

2 Is this polluted heart
A dwelling fit for thee?
Swarming, alas! in every part,
What evils do I see!

3 If I attempt to pray,
And lisp thy holy name,
My thoughts are hurried soon away,
I know not where I am.

4 If in thy word I look,
Such darkness fills my mind,
I only read a sealed book,
But no relief can find.

5 Thy gospel oft I hear,
But hear it still in vain;
Without desire, or love, or fear,
I like a stone remain.

6 Myself can hardly bear
This wretched heart of mine;
How hateful then must it appear
To those pure eyes of thine!

7 And must I then indeed
Sink in despair and die?
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed
For such a wretch as I.

8 That blood which thou hast spilt,
That grace which is thine own,
Can cleanse the vilest sinner's guilt,
And soften hearts of stone.

9 Low at thy feet I bow;
O pity and forgive!
Here will I lie and wait till thou
Shalt bid me rise and live.

189 "*Is there no balm in Gilead?*" Jer. viii. 22. L. M.

WHY droops my soul with guilt opprest?
Why do these fears disturb my breast?
Is there no balm to heal my wound?
No kind Physician to be found?

2 Raise to the cross thy weeping eyes;
Behold, the Prince of glory dies!
He dies extended on the tree,
And sheds a sovereign balm for me.

3 Millions, who now his throne surround,
Here sought relief, here mercy found;
His cross dispell'd their gloomy fears,
Heal'd all their wounds, and dried their tears.

4 Lord, prostrate at thy feet I lie,
There to receive a cure or die;
O may thy love remove my pain,
And healing grace triumphant reign!

190 "*Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof.*" Matt. viii. 8. P. M.

SAVIOUR! and can it be,
That thou shouldst dwell with me?
From thine high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlasting bliss,
Will thy majesty stoop down
To so mean an house as this?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,
So vile and self-abhorr'd,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor polluted heart;
Lo! I am a sinful man;
All my nature cries, "Depart!"

3 Yet come, thou heavenly guest,
And purify my breast;
Come, thou great and glorious King,
While before thy cross I bow;
With thyself salvation bring,
Cleanse the house, and enter now.

191 "*Speak, for thy servant heareth.*" C. M.
1 Sam. iii. 10.

CHRIST call'd me when my thoughtless prime
Was early ripe to ill;
I pass'd from folly on to crime,
And yet he call'd me still.

2 He call'd me in the time of dread,
When death was full in view;
I trembled on my feverish bed,
And rose to sin anew.

3 Yet could I hear him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks he should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

4 O thou, that every thought canst know,
And answer every prayer,
O give me sickness, want, or woe,
But snatch me from despair!

5 My struggling will by grace control,
Renew my broken vow!—
What blessed light breaks on my soul?
O God! I hear thee now!

192 "*They shall look on me whom they pierced.*" Zech. xii. 10. C. M.

IN evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.

2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die, that thou may'st live."

193 "*Our transgressions are multiplied before thee, and our sins testify against us.*" Isa. lix. 12. S. M.

AND thou dost still forgive!
My God, what grace is this!
Dost bid the pardon'd rebel live,
And look towards thee and bliss!

2 For I most vile have been;
Provok'd thee to thy face,
Triumph'd in shame, and laugh'd at sin,
And trampled on thy grace.

3 I heard of all thy love,
And hated when I heard;
I knew the path that led above,
And that to hell preferr'd.

4 I needed not thy hand
To give my soul to death;
For left but at my own command,
And I had plung'd beneath.

5 Grace! that not hears alone
The humble suppliant's cry;
But seeks the rebel, hard as stone,
And will not let him die.

6 Go on, my gracious Lord;
Thy great designs fulfil;
Work with thy Spirit and thy word,
And mould me to thy will.

194 "*Loose him, and let him go.*" John xi. 44. L. M.

MY God, if I may call thee mine,
From heaven and thee remov'd so far,
Draw nigh; thy pitying ear incline,
And cast not out my languid prayer.

2 Gently the weak thou lov'st to lead;
Thou lov'st to prop the feeble knee;
O break not then a bruised reed,
Nor quench the smoking flax in me!

3 Buried in sin, thy voice I hear,
And burst the barriers of my tomb;
In all the marks of death appear,
Forth at thy call, though bound, I come.

4 Give me, O give me fully, Lord,
Thy resurrection's power to know!
Free me indeed,—repeat the word;
And loose my bonds, and let me go.

195 "*When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord.*" Jonah ii. 7. C. M.

SALVATION! O melodious sound
To wretched dying men!
Salvation that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again!

2 But O! may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling eye
To blessings so divine?

3 The lustre of so bright a bliss
My feeble heart o'erbears;
And unbelief almost perverts
The promise into tears.

4 My Saviour-God, no voice but thine
These dying hopes can raise:
Speak thy Salvation to my soul,
And turn its tears to praise.

196 "*Look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain.*" Gen. xix. 17. L. M.

MY God! and can I linger still,
With coward heart and wavering will,
Loth from my sins to be set free,
Still loth to give myself to thee?

2 My Maker! whose creative word
Being, with all its powers, conferr'd;
I hold my all from thee alone;—
Shall I not render thee thine own?

3 My Saviour! who didst drink for me
The bitter cup of agony,
Can I so long ungrateful prove
To suffering, dying, pardoning love?

4 Spirit of Life! whose voice within
Oft warns my conscious soul of sin,
Still shall my heart to thee be clos'd,
And thou still griev'd, and still oppos'd?

5 But is there mercy, Lord, with thee?
And hope for me? yes, e'en for me?
And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And look on me, and bid me live?

6 O great our highest thought above,
Untold, unfathomable love!
Lord, I with joy thy word receive,
And love, and wonder, and believe.

197 "*O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thy help!*" Hos. xiii. 9. L. M.

I WOULD believe; but my weak heart
Shrinks from its idol joys to part;
Fain would I follow at thy call;
But how can I forsake my all?

2 How enter at the lowly gate,
And choose the pathway steep and strait?
How, counting former gains but loss,
Deny myself, and bear my cross?

3 Were I alone this load to bear,
Well might I tremble, well despair:
I have destroy'd myself, O Lord!
But help and life are in thy word.

198 *"Faith without works is dead."* C. M.

MISTAKEN souls that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ the living Head.

3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart,
'Tis faith that works by love;
That bids all sinful joys depart,
And lifts the thoughts above.

4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell
By a celestial power;
This is the grace that shall prevail
In the decisive hour.

199 *"I beseech you by the mercies of God," &c.* Rom. xii. 1. L. M.

O NOT when o'er the trembling soul
The thunder-peals of Sinai roll;
Not when we look with shrinking awe
Upon that unforgiving law;

2 Not then, though thoughts of anguish dart
Their arrows through the stricken heart,—
O 'tis not then we feel within
The full malignity of sin.

3 'Tis when by faith we turn our eyes
On him, our Priest and Sacrifice;
Mark his mysterious pangs, and know
Our peace was purchas'd by his woe;

4 When in faith's happiest, holiest hours
We dare to call that Saviour ours,
'Tis then our hearts within us burn;
We look on him we pierc'd and mourn:

5 'Tis then a voice is heard within,
Which breaks the tyrant yoke of sin;
For he our load of guilt who bore,—
He bids us "go and sin no more."

Faith accepting Mercy.

200 "*If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth.*" Mark ix. 23. 6. 8.

FATHER, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far:
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

2 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy! cries.

3 With faith I plunge me in this sea;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast;
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

4 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my stedfast soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.

5 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

201 *The Prodigal's Return.* L. M.

WHO can describe the joys which rise
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a prodigal return—
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies;
3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The contrite soul he forms anew:
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

202 "*There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.*" Luke xv.10. P. M.

THERE was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
When this goodly world to frame
The Lord of might and mercy came:
Shouts of joy were heard on high,
And the stars sang from the sky—
"Glory to God in heaven!"

2 There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
When the billows, heaving dark,
Sank around the stranded ark;
And the rainbow's watery span
Spake of mercy, hope to man,
And peace with God in heaven.

3 There was joy in heaven,
There was joy in heaven,
When of love the midnight beam
Dawn'd on the towers of Bethlehem;
And along the echoing hill
Angels sang, "On earth good will,
And glory in the heaven!"

4 There is joy in heaven,
There is joy in heaven,
When the sheep that went astray
Turns again to virtue's way;
When the soul, by grace subdu'd,
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,
Then is there joy in heaven.

203 "*Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*" Matt. xi. 28. P. M.

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Come in mercy's gracious hour;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able; he is willing: doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.
This he gives you: 'tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies:
On the bloody tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finish'd!"—sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the incarnate God ascended
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah! sinners here may sing the same.

204 *"My yoke is easy."* Matt. xi. 30. P. M.

COME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down;
By the broken law convicted,
By the tempter's snares undone,
Look to Jesus;*
Mercy flows through him alone.

2 Take his easy yoke and wear it;
Love will make obedience sweet:
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet
Safe to glory,
Where his ransom'd captives meet.

3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly-open'd eyes,
Flowing springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies:
All who taste it
Shall to rest immortal rise.

4 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall;
Saints in heaven who tell the story,
Not e'en they can utter all.
Faith believes it; Hope expects it; Love desires it;*
But it far exceeds them all.

* The metre repeats thrice.

RENUNCIATION OF THE WORLD AND DEVOTION TO GOD IN CHRIST.

See Psalm 16.

205 *New views of life and eternity.* P. M.

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth, I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Secure, insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to that heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

4 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come,
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

5 Be this my one great business here,
With godly jealousy and fear
Eternal bliss to ensure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

206 "*Other lords beside thee have had dominion over us. They are deceased; they shall not rise.*" P. M.
Is. xxvi. 13, 14.

COME, my fond fluttering heart,
Come, struggle to be free;
Thou and the world must part,
However hard it be;
My trembling spirit owns it just,
But cleaves yet closer to the dust.

2 Ye tempting sweets, forbear;
Ye dearest idols, fall;
My love ye must not share;
Jesus shall have it all:
'Tis bitter pain, 'tis cruel smart;
But ah! thou must consent, my heart!

3 Ye fair enchanting throng,
Ye golden dreams, farewell!
Earth has prevail'd too long,
And now I break the spell;
Ye cherish'd joys of early years—
Jesus, forgive these parting tears.

4 O may I feel thy worth,
And let no idol dare,
No vanity of earth,
With thee, my Lord, compare.
Now bid all worldly joys depart,
And reign supremely in my heart.

207 Ruth i. 16, 17. D. 7s.

PEOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort no where found:
Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
O receive me into rest!

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my heart no more,
Every idol I resign.

208 *Broken cisterns, and Fountain of living waters.* D. L. M.

HOW oft the world's alluring smile
Has tempted only to beguile!
It promis'd health—in one short hour
Perish'd the fair but tender flower;

It promis'd riches—in a day
They made them wings and fled away;
It promis'd friends—all sought their own,
And left my widow'd heart alone.

2 Lord! with the barren service spent,
To thee my suppliant knee I bent,
And found in thee a Father's grace,
His hand, his heart, his faithfulness;
The voice of peace, the smile of love,
The bread that feeds the saints above;
And tasted in this world of woe
A joy its children never know.

209 "*Then shall thy darkness be as the noon-day.*"
Isa. lviii. 10. C. M.

HOW blest thy creature is, O God,
When with a single eye
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high!

2 Through all the storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of Righteousness he eyes,
With healing on his wings.

3 The soul, a dreary province once
Of Satan's dark domain,
Feels a new empire form'd within,
And owns a heavenly reign.

4 The glorious sun! we see the joys
His orient rays impart;
But, Jesus! 'tis thy light alone
Can shine upon the heart.

210 "*Instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle.*"
Isa. lv. 13. L. M.

I THIRST; but not, as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasure there.

2 It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools and pomp of kings.

3 I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows,
And makes a wretched thorn, like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

4 Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim,
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream.

5 For sure of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

211 "*I am dead to the law, that I might live unto God.*"
Gal. ii. 19. C. M.

HOW long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress!
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

2 Then, to abstain from outward sin
Was more than I could do;
Now, if I feel its power within,
I feel I hate it too.

3 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise;
Now, freely chosen in the Son
I freely choose his ways.

4 "What shall I do," was then the word,
"That I may worthier grow;"
"What shall I render to the Lord,"
Is my inquiry now.

5 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pardoning voice,
Changes a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

212 "*The crooked shall be made straight.*" L. M.
Isa. xl. 4.

GOD of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turn'd aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head:

2 I have no skill the snare to shun;
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into evil run,
But thou canst guide my erring heart.

3 Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

4 Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter, and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day.

213 *Devotedness to God.* L. M.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The view revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

2 Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my Friend.

3 Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

214 *Renouncing the world.* L. M.

EMPTIED, O Lord, I fain would be,
Of earth, of self, of all but thee;
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and died,
Surrender'd to the Crucified:

2 Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, the pride of life;
Prepar'd for heaven, my noblest care,
And have my conversation there.

3 Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

215 *Choosing the one thing needful.* L. M.

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this erring, treacherous heart
To fix on Mary's better part:
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

216 *Prayer for devotedness.* L. M.

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth:
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

217 "*When they leaned upon thee thou breakest.*" C. M.
Ezek. xxix. 7.

HOW vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too;
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

4 O Lord, command my heart away
From all created good;
And thou thyself my portion be,
My soul's eternal food.

218 "*They came to the pits, and found no water. They returned with their vessels empty.*" L. M.
Jer. xiv. 3.

"CEASE thou from man;" O what to thee
Can thy poor fellow-mortals be!
Are they not erring, finite, frail?
What can their utmost aid avail?

2 Their very love will prove a snare;
Then, if my heart becomes aware
Of its own danger, it will bleed
For leaning on a broken reed.

3 Why does thy bliss so much depend
On earthly relative or friend?
There is a Friend who changes never;
The love he gives is given for ever.

4 Go to that Friend, poor aching heart;
He knows how desolate thou art:
He longs, he waits, to make thee blest,
And in himself to give thee rest.

219 *Self-dedication to God.* P. M.

O LORD, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee;—
To thee, my God, to thee!

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be
That all my hopes are fix'd on thee,—
On thee, my God, on thee!

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space,
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place,
And, whereso'er my lot may be
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee,—
To thee, my God, to thee!

4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be
That all I want I find in thee,
In thee, my God, in thee!

220 *Choosing Christ.* 7s.

GENTLE Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine, and only thine I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to thee:
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again,
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.

4 Whom have I on earth below?
Thee, and only thee I know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

5 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is thy love;
Who thy depth of love can tell,
Infinite, unsearchable!

221 *Watchfulness.* C. M.

I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear;
A sensibility of sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride or vain desire;
To catch the wanderings of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

3 From thee that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the contrite heart,
The tender conscience give.

222 "*What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.*" Phil. iii. 7. 8. 7.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Destitute, despis'd, forsaken;
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be;
Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

2 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with thee.

3 Think, my soul, who dwells within thee;
What a Father's smiles are thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
Haste then on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

HOPE AND FAITH.

223 C. M.

AMAZING grace, (how sweet the sound!)
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!

3 Through many a danger, toil, and snare
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

224 *Christ the Hope of Glory.* C. M.

WITH glorious clouds encompass'd round,
Whom angels dimly see,
Will the Unsearchable be found,
Or God appear to me?

2 Will he forsake his throne above,
Himself to worms impart?
Answer, thou Man of Grief and Love,
And speak it to my heart.

3 Didst thou not in our flesh appear,
And live and die below,
That I may now perceive thee near,
And my Redeemer know?

4 I view the Lamb in his own light,
Whom angels dimly see;
And gaze, transported at the sight,
To all eternity.

225 "*They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength.*" Isa. xl. 31. L. M.

AWAKE our souls! away our fears!
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.

3 O mighty God! thy matchless power
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire along the heavenly road.

226 P. M.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this desert land;
I am weak but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the living fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Triumphs give and consolation;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

227 P. M.

WHY those fears? behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm, and guides the ship!
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

2 Though the shore we hope to land on
Only by report is known,
Yet we freely all abandon,
Led by that report alone;
And with Jesus,
Through the trackless deep move on.

3 [Led by that we brave the ocean;
Led by that the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.]

4 O what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is that those who hate us
Can molest our peace no more.
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil happy shore.

CHRISTIAN GRACES.

LOVE, JOY, PEACE.

228 C. M.

THE saints above are stars in heaven,
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

2 Faith is their fix'd unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

3 The dew of heaven is like thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favor'd place
By richest fruits is known.

229 *Gratitude.* 8. 7.

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interpos'd with precious blood.

2 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace with golden fetter
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O take and seal it!
Seal it for thy courts above!

230 *Gratitude testified by Obedience.* C. M.
Ps. cxvi. 12, 13.

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give?

2 Alas! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd,
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.

5 I cannot serve him as I ought;
No works have I to boast;
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I shall owe him most.

231 *Love.* C. M.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast:
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too;
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

232 *Love to God, and Devotion to Him.* C. M.

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone:

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above:
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

233 "*Lovest thou me?*" John xxi. 16. C. M.

DO not I love thee? O my Lord,
Behold my heart, and see!
And cast each hated idol down,
That dares to rival thee.

2 Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

3 Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, gracious Lord;
But O I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more!

234 "*The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*" Ephes. iii. 19. P. M.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
O make me pant and thirst to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me!

2 Stronger his love than death or hell,
Its riches are unsearchable:
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, and breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart;
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!

235 *The love of God.* 6. 8.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pain'd; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;
And fain I would; but though my will
Seems fix'd, yet wide my passions rove,
And hindrances strew all the way:
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

3 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there.
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it hath found repose in thee.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Strength, thy God, thy All."—
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice!

236 *The love of God.* 8. 7.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown:
Jesus, thou art all compassion,
Pure unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
All thy love we would inherit,
Enter into all thy rest:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restor'd in thee:
Chang'd from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

237 "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*" Rom. viii. 35. P. M.

LIFE nor death shall us dissever
From his love who reigns for ever:
Will he fail us? Never! never!
When to him we cry.

2 For his might shall still defend us,
And his blessed Son befriend us,
And his Holy Spirit send us
Comfort ere we die.

238 "*I have loved thee with an everlasting love.*" 6. 8.

FROM all eternity with love
Unchangeable thou me hast view'd;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

2 In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power:
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that tremendous hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

239 *Union.* 7s.

LORD, subdue our selfish will;
Each to each our tempers suit
By thy modulating skill;
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

2 Sweetly on our spirits move;
Gently touch the trembling strings;
Make the harmony of love
Music for the King of kings!

240 *Forgiveness.* C. M.

THOU ransom'd sinner, wouldst thou know
How often to forgive,
How dearly to embrace thy foe;—
Look where thou hop'st to live.

2 When thou hast told those isles of light,
And fancied all beyond,
Whatever owns in depth or height
Creation's wondrous bond;

3 Then in their solemn pageant learn
Sweet mercy's praise to see;
Their Lord resign'd them all, to earn
The bliss of pardoning thee.

241 *For a Charity.* Matt. xxv. 40. C. M.

JESUS, my Lord, how rich thy grace!
Thy bounties how complete!
How shall I count the matchless sum?
How pay the mighty debt?

2 High on a throne of radiant light
Dost thou exalted shine;
What can my poverty bestow,
When all the worlds are thine?

3 But thou hast brethren here below,
The partners of thy grace,
And wilt confess their humble names
Before thy Father's face.

4 In them thou may'st be cloth'd and fed,
And visited and cheer'd;
And in their accents of distress
My Saviour's voice is heard.

FOR A CHARITY.

242 *"Freely ye have received; freely give."* P. M.
Matt. x. 8.

LARGELY thou givest, gracious Lord,
Largely thy gifts should be restor'd;
Freely thou givest, and thy word
Is, "freely give."
He only who forgets to hoard
Has learn'd to live.

2 Wisely thou givest: all around
Thine equal rays are resting found,
Yet varying so on various ground
They pierce and strike,
That not two roseate cups are crown'd
With dew alike:

3 Even so in silence, likest thee
Steals on soft-handed Charity,
Tempering her gifts that seem so free
By time and place,
Till not a woe the bleak world see
But finds her grace.

JOY.

243 C. M.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable, divine.

5 These are the joys which satisfy
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But if you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not
Such joys as earth affords.

244 "*All my fresh springs are in thee.*" C. M.
Ps. lxxxvii. 2.

MY God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights;

2 In darkest shades if He appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see my glorious Lord.

245 *Where true Joys are to be found.* L. M.

WHAT thousands never knew the road!
What thousands hate it when 'tis known!
None but the chosen tribes of God
Will seek or choose it for their own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end,
One only leads to joys on high;
By that my willing steps ascend,
By that I journey to the sky.

3 No more I ask or hope to find
Delight or happiness below;
Sorrow may well possess the mind
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me;
I seek immortal joys above;
There glory without end shall be,
The bright reward of faith and love.

246 "*Joy and peace in believing.*" Rom. xv. 13. 7s.

I WILL praise thee every day,
Now thine anger's turn'd away.
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding Sacrifice.

2 Here, in the fair gospel-field,
Wells of free salvation yield
Streams of life, a plenteous store,
And my soul shall thirst no more.

3 Jesus is become at length
My salvation and my strength;
And his praises shall prolong,
While I live, my pleasant song.

4 Praise ye then his glorious name,
Publish his exalted fame;
Still his worth your praise exceeds,
Excellent are all his deeds.

5 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round:
Zion, shout, for this is He;
God the Saviour dwells in thee!

247 "*Rejoice in the Lord always.*" Phil. iv. 4. L. M.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast;
Thy tuneful praises rais'd on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more;
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

248 "*The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation.*" Ps. cxviii. 14. 7s.

NOW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesu's name.
Ye who Jesu's kindness prove
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears,
Banish all your doubts and fears:
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been,
Willing slaves of death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

249 "*They shall come with singing unto Zion.*" Isa. li. 11. 7s.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Sing, ye little flock and blest,
You on Jesu's throne shall rest:
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

5 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

250 "*God is the Lord, who hath shewed us light.*"
Ps. cxviii. 27. F. M.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in his wings.
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new;

Set free from present sorrow
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For, while in him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

PEACE.

251 C. M.

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

252 *The Exile's Peace.* L. M.

O THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment!

2 To me remains nor place, nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care,
On any shore since God is there.

3 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot:
But with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

253 *"With thee is the fountain of life."* D. 7s.
Ps. xxxvi. 9.

OBJECT of my first desire,
Jesus, crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise and thee to know
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see and thee to love
Constitute our bliss above.

2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are if thou art mine.

254 *Heavenly mindedness.* C. M.

THE dove let loose in eastern skies,
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idler warblers roam:

2 But high she shoots through air and light,
Above each low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

3 So grant me, God, from earthly care
From pride and passion free,
Aloft through faith and love's pure air
To hold my course to thee.

4 No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings.

DIGNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

255 C. M.

I WAS a grovelling creature once,
And basely cleav'd to earth;
I wanted spirit to renounce
The clod that gave me birth.

2 But God has breath'd upon a worm,
And sent me from above
Wings, such as clothe an angel's form,
The wings of joy and love.

3 With these to Pisgah's top I fly,
And there delighted stand,
To view, beneath a shining sky,
The spacious promis'd land.

4 The Lord of all the vast domain
Has promis'd it to me,
The length and breadth of all the plain,
As far as faith can see.

5 How glorious is my privilege!
To thee for help I call;
I stand upon a mountain's edge;—
O save me, or I fall!

6 Though much exalted in the Lord,
My strength is not my own:
Then let me tremble at his word,
And none shall cast me down.

256 *"And it doth not yet appear what we shall be."* 1 John iii. 2. L. M.

LORD, what is man! extremes how wide
In this mysterious nature join!
The flesh to worms and dust allied;
The soul immortal and divine.

2 Divine at first, a holy flame,
Kindled by the Almighty's breath;
Till, stain'd by sin, it soon became
The seat of darkness, strife, and death.

3 But Jesus,—O amazing grace!—
Assum'd our nature as his own;
Obey'd and suffer'd in our place,
Then took it with him to his throne.

4 Now, what is man, when grace reveals
The virtue of a Saviour's blood?
Again a life divine he feels,
Despises earth, and walks with God.

5 And what in yonder realms above
Is ransom'd man ordain'd to be?
With honor, holiness, and love,
No seraph more adorn'd than he.

6 Nearest the throne, and first in song,
Man shall his hallelujahs raise;
While wondering angels round him throng,
And swell the chorus of his praise.

257 *One body in Christ.* C. M.

THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make;
Join'd to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

2 One family we dwell in him:
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

4 Lo! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.

5 Lord Jesus! be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

258 *The Pure in heart.* 8. M.

BLEST are the pure in heart;
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

259 *The Christian a Citizen of no mean City.* L. M.

AS birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

2 And what then is Jerusalem?
This darling object of his care?
What is its worth in God's esteem?
Who built it? who inhabits there?

3 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God
And sinners, whom he calls his own.

4 There, though besieg'd on every side,
Yet much belov'd and guarded well,
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

5 Let earth repent, and hell despair;
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is call'd, "The Lord is there,"
And who has power to drive him thence?

260 "*He hath made us kings and priests unto God.*"
Rev. i. 6. L. M.

HONOR and happiness unite
To make the Christian's name a praise:
How fair the scene, how clear the light
That fills the remnant of his days!

2 A kingly character he bears,
No change his priestly office knows;
Unfading is the crown he wears,
His joys can never reach a close.

3 Adorn'd with glory from on high,
Salvation shines upon his face;
His robe is of the ethereal dye,
His steps are dignity and grace.

4 Inferior honors he disdains,
Nor stoops to take applause from earth;
The King of kings himself maintains
The expenses of his heavenly birth.

5 My soul is ravish'd at the thought;
Methinks from earth I see him rise!
Angels congratulate his lot,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

261 "*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.*" L. M.
Rom. i. 16.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man asham'd of thee!
Asham'd of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days.

2 Asham'd of Jesus! of that friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

3 Asham'd of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

4 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast a Saviour slain,
And O! may this my glory be,
That Saviour not asham'd of me.

262 6. 7.

BLESSED are the sons of God,
They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransom'd from the grave,
Life eternal they shall have.

With them number'd may we be
Here and in eternity.

2 They produce the fruits of grace
In the works of righteousness;
They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth.

With them, &c.

3 They alone are truly blest,—
Heirs of God, joint-heirs of Christ;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is with them begun.

With them, &c.

HIS ORDINANCES.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

263 C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

2d Part.

1 The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
In word, and deed, and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

2 Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the eternal throne
For mourners intercedes.

3 O thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

264 *The Hour of Prayer.* P. M.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The hour of prayer?

2 Blest be that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave!

3 For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow,
And richer dews descend from thee,
Than earth can know.

4 Then is my strength by thee renew'd,
Then are my sins by thee forgiven,
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

5 Words cannot tell what sweet relief
Here for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind!

6 Hush'd is each doubt, gone every fear,
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And ev'n the penitential tear
Is wip'd away!

265 *The throne of grace.* 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring.

2 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

3 As the image in the glass
Answers the beholder's face,
Thus unto my heart appear;
Print thine own resemblance there.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

266 "*I will pour on them the spirit of grace and of supplications.*" Zech. xii. 10. 7s.

JESUS, full of grace for me,
Help my soul's infirmity;
Grant me supplicating grace,
Give me power to seek thy face.

2 Hear a feeble sinner groan,
Burden'd with a heart of stone;
Take the heart of stone away,
Give the will and power to pray.

3 O my God, how long shall I
Coldly with my lips draw nigh!
Feebly struggle to declare
The sad meaning of my prayer!

4 Help a poor and needy soul;
Let thy power make me whole;
Take the heart of stone away,
Give the will and power to pray.

267 "*Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation.*" Matt. xxvi. 41. P. M.

HELP, Lord, to whom for help I cry,
And still my tempted soul stand by
Throughout the evil day;
A sacred watchfulness impart,
And keep the issues of my heart,
And teach me how to pray.

2 My soul with thy whole armour arm,
Let each approach of sin alarm,
And show the danger near;
Surround, sustain, and strengthen me,
And fill with godly jealousy,
And sanctifying fear.

3 If from thy paths I rashly stray,
Before I wholly fall away
The keen conviction dart;
Recall me by that pitying look,
That kind, upbraiding glance which broke
Unfaithful Peter's heart.

268 *"But thou hast not called upon me, O Jacob."* Isa. xliii. 22. L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.*

5 Have you no words? ah! think again;
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

269 *"We have an Advocate with the Father."* 6. 8.

JESUS, my great High Priest above,
My Friend before the throne of love;
If now for me prevails thy prayer,
If now I find thee pleading there,
Hear, and my weak petitions join,
Almighty Advocate, to thine.

* Exod. xvii. 11.

2 O sovereign Love, to thee I cry!
Give me thyself, or else I die;
Save me from death, from hell set free;
Death, hell, are but the want of thee;
My life, my crown, my heaven thou art,
O may I find thee in my heart!

270 *Continuing instant in Prayer.* 7s.

LORD, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

2 Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy;
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

3 Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer;
Mercy heard and set him free;
Lord, that mercy came to me.

4 Thou hast help for every need;
This emboldens me to plead:
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last?

271 *Wrestling in prayer.* 6. 7.

FATHER, God, who seest in me
Only sin and misery,
Turn to thine anointed One,
Look on thy beloved Son;
Him for sinners bruised see;
Look through Jesus' wounds on me.

2 Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Hear my Advocate divine,
Lo! to his my suit I join;
Jesus' pleading cannot fail:
Let me now with thee prevail.

3 Turn from me thy glorious eyes
To his bloody sacrifice;
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid:
Take the purchase of thy blood,
Reign within me, Son of God.

272 *"I will not let thee go except thou bless me."*
Gen. xxxii. 26. 6. 8.

COME, O thou traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee:
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am,
My misery and sin declare,
Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
Look on thy hands, and read it there:
But who, I ask thee, who art thou?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free;
I never will unloose my hold.
Art thou the man that died for me?
The secret of thy love unfold:
Wrestling I will not let thee go
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

2d Part.

4 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
But confident in self-despair;
Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
Be conquer'd by my instant prayer:
Speak, or thou never hence shalt move,
And tell me if thy name is Love.

5 'Tis Love! 'tis love! thou diedst for me:
I hear thy whisper in my heart!
The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
Pure, universal love thou art:
To me, to all, thy bowels move,
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

6 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art,
Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend;
Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
But stay and love me to the end;
Thy mercies never shall remove;
Thy nature and thy name is Love.

273 "*Making many rich.*" 2 Cor. vi. 10. P. M.

UNHEARD by all but angel ears
The good Cornelius knelt alone,
Nor dream'd his prayers and tears
Would help a world undone.

2 Even so, the course of prayer who knows?
It springs in silence where it will,
Springs out of sight, and flows
At first a lonely rill:

3 But streams shall meet it by and by
From thousand sympathetic hearts,
Together swelling high
Their chaunt of many parts.

274 *Alone, yet not alone.* C. M.

FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

3 There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

4 There like the nightingale she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

5 Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

6 What thanks I owe thee and what love,
A boundless endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more!

275 *Seasons of Prayer.* P. M.

TO prayer! to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes;
His light is on all below, above,
The light of gladness, of life, of love.
O then on the breath of this early air
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer!

2 To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on;
Like a curtain from heaven's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose;
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give the last thought to the guardian of night.

3 To prayer! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its promis'd rest;
It speaks of creation's early bloom,
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb;
Then summon the Spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallow'd hours.

276 *Intercession.* D. 7s.

FATHER, if that gracious name
Thou permit our souls to claim,
Hear us plead for those who stray,
Wanderers from the heavenly way,
Unrepentant, unforgiven,
Strangers yet to thee and heaven.
Near them yawns the opening grave;
Save them, ere they perish, save!

2 Wanderers once ourselves as they,
Bound like them in Satan's sway,
Pardon'd sinners, can our eye
See unmov'd our brethren die?
Lord, thy grace our hearts could melt;
Let that grace by them be felt.
Breathe on them that quickening breath
Which has wak'd our souls from death.

3 Thou! omnipotent to save,
Great High-Priest, thine aid we crave.
By thy blood's transcendant price,
By thy finish'd sacrifice,
Thou, whose dying breath implor'd
Grace for those who slew their Lord,
O repeat that prayer again,
Thou who canst not plead in vain!

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

The three first of these may also be used for Public Worship.

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277 L. M.

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near,
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

278 Matt. xviii. 20. L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise;

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;"
There he unveils his smiling face,
And sheds his glories round the place.

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

279 6. 7.

IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,—
Passing sweet that state must be
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations for above;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Make us, each in his degree,
Fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee.

280 *Parting.* C. M.

BLEST be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart.

2 Join'd in one Spirit to our head,
Where he appoints we go;
And still in Jesu's footsteps tread,
And show his praise below.

3 O may we ever walk in him!
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified.

4 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
The same in mind and heart,
Nor joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
Nor life, nor death can part.

281 *Parting.* P. M.

MAY heavenly guides attend thee!
May heavenly guards defend thee!
May heavenly influence send thee
Sweet themes for holy thought!
Though shades of night enfold thee,
That eye will still behold thee,
E'en his who slumbers not!

2 No evil shall befall thee,
No enemy appal thee,
Bright messengers shall call thee
Throughout the silent night
To share their high communion,
Sweet pledge of future union
With sainted heirs of light.

3 No human voice may cheer thee,
No earthly listener hear thee,
But O! one Friend is near thee,
The kindest and the best,
Whose smile can banish sadness,
Whose presence fill with gladness
The solitary breast.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

See Psalms 48, 63, 84, 122, 132.

282 6. 8.

LO! God is here! Him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing;
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

2 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.

283 S. M.

HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
Zion, behold thy Saviour King!
He reigns and triumphs here.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear the joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

284 7s.

LIGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart.

2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Son of God, appear, appear!
To thy human temples come!

3 Come in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Terminate the reign of sin!

285 C. M.

LONG have I heard the joyful sound
Of thy salvation, Lord;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!

2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain:
How small a portion of thy grace
Does my false heart retain!

3 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

4 Great God! thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation on my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

286 S. M.

COME, ye who love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 [The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.]

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

5 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

287 C. M.

COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.

2 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

3 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

288 C. M.

HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone!
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love—
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne;
We, in the kingdom of thy grace;—
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads,
From thence our spirits rise;
And he who in thy statutes treads
Shall meet thee in the skies.

289 7s.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 Here below, with heart and voice,
Saints in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning still, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

5 Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

290 *Before the Sermon.* C. M.

FATHER of love, to thee we bend
Our heart and lift our eyes;
O let our prayer and praise ascend
As odours to the skies!

2 Thy pardoning voice we come to hear,
To know thee as thou art;
Thy ministers can reach the ear,
But thou must touch the heart.

291 *After the Sermon.* P. M.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So whene'er the signal given
Calls us from this earth away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day!

292 *Dismission.* P. M.

SOME sweet savour of thy favour
Shed abroad in every heart,
Heavenward as to thee we go,
Leaving guilt and fear below;
Blessing, praising, without ceasing,
Bid us, Lord, depart.

293 7s.

CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Let us each with grateful heart,
Once more to our Father raise
Our united hymn of praise.

2 Here perhaps we meet no more,
But we seek a brighter shore;
Where above all sin and pain,
Brethren, we shall meet again.

3 To the triune God of heaven,
Love and praise be ever given;
Here, and by his hosts above,
Endless praise, adoring love.

294.

NOW to him who lov'd us, gave us
Every pledge that love could give,
Freely shed his blood to save us,
Gave his life, that we might live,
Be the kingdom, and dominion,
And the glory, evermore!

THE LORD'S DAY.

295 C. M.

BLEST day of God! most calm, most bright!
The first and best of days!
The labourer's rest, the saint's delight,
A day of joyful praise.

2 My Saviour's face did make thee shine,
His rising thee did raise:
This made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond the common days.

3 This day I must for God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine;
But spent and hallow'd in thy fear,
Its blessing shall be mine.

296 6. 7.

HAIL, thou bright and sacred morn,
Risen with gladness in thy beams!
Light which not of earth is born
From thy dawn in glory streams;
Airs of heaven are breath'd around,
And each place is holy ground.

2 Sad and weary were our way,
Fainting oft beneath our load,
But for thee, thou blessed day,
Resting-place on life's rough road!
Here flow forth the streams of grace,
Strengthen'd hence we run our race.

297 6. 7.

GREAT Creator! who this day
From thy perfect work didst rest,
By the souls that own thy sway
Hallow'd be its hours and blest;
Cares of earth aside be thrown,
This day given to heaven alone.

2 Saviour! who this day didst break
The dark prison of the tomb,
Bid my slumbering soul awake,
Shine through all its sin and gloom;
Let me, from my bonds set free,
Rise from sin and live to thee!

3 Blessed Spirit! Comforter!
Sent this day with power from high,
Lord, on me thy gifts confer,
Cleanse, illumine, sanctify;
Be thine influence shed abroad,
Lead me to the truth of God.

298 6. 8.

WHEN the melodious Sabbath chime,
Pouring soft music on the breeze,
Gives warning of the coming time
Of holy thanks and bended knees,
Let every thoughtful heart prepare;
This is the solemn hour of prayer.

2 Press to the sacred temple, press!
There lips and hearts to God be given;
There taste a sweet forgetfulness
Of earthly cares in thoughts of heaven.
Let thankful lips and hearts prepare
For worship at the hour of prayer.

299 L. M.

DEAR is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And by their sacred minstrelsy
Call me from earthly cares away.

2 And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

3 And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the bless'd abode;
Which swells, and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

4 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six days' chain,
This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

300 L. M.

WELCOME sweet day, of days the best!
The day design'd for holy rest,
When to his house God's saints repair,
To pour their hearts in praise and prayer.

2 This is employment all divine:
My soul, the blest assembly join,
Go, bow before thy Maker's throne,
And all thy Saviour's glories own.

3 Forget all earthly things and cares,
And soar by faith above the stars;
On wings of strong devotion rise,
And feast on fruits of Paradise.

301 S. M.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day spent in the place
In which my God hath been
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And rise, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

302 7s.

TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there:
Abba, Father! give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord my righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads,
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From thy house when I return
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
I have walk'd with God to-day.

303 P. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake!
And hail the sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Come, bless the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!"

304 C. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, thee we praise
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.

2 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, the eternal Word, than when
The universe was made.

3 He rises, who mankind hath bought
With grief and pain extreme:
'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

305 L. M.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 O long expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin!
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God.

306 L. M.

I FAIN would love the day of rest,
Would still esteem this day the best;
But oft, alas! I've need to say,
"How barren is my soul to-day!"

2 True—I frequent the house of prayer,
I go and sit with others there;
I hear, and sing, and seem to pray;
But oft my mind is call'd away.

3 I fain would see the Saviour near,
Of him would think, and speak, and hear;
But vain and sinful thoughts intrude,
And draw my soul from what is good.

4 Redeem'd from earth by Jesu's blood,
I fain would give the day to God:
But seldom to my purpose true,
'Tis mine to plan, but not to do.

5 Of sinners, Lord, I am the chief;
O bring thy worthless worm relief!
Revive thy work within my soul,
And all my thoughts and powers control.

307 *Sunday Evening.* 6. 7.

SOON, too soon, the sweet repose
Of this day of God will cease;
Soon this glimpse of heaven will close,
Vanish soon the hours of peace;
Soon return the toil, the strife,
All the weariness of life.

2 But the rest which yet remains
For thy people, Lord, above
Knows nor change, nor fears, nor pains—
Endless as almighty love:
O may every Sabbath here
Bring us to that rest more near!

308 *Sunday Evening.* P. M.

THE Sabbath-day has reach'd its close,
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace thy love bestows,
Smile on my evening hour!

2 O heavenly Comforter, sweet guest,
Hallow and calm my troubled breast;
Weary, I come to thee for rest;
Smile on my evening hour!

3 O! ever present, ever nigh,
Jesus, on thee I fix mine eye,
Thou hear'st the contrite spirit's sigh;
Smile on my evening hour!

4 My only Intercessor, thou,
Mingle thy fragrant incense now
With every prayer and every vow;
Smile on my evening hour!

5 And O! when life's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour!

309 *Monday Hymn.* L.M.

NOW let our heavenly plants and flowers
Diffuse a fragrance more divine;
Refresh'd by the sweet Sabbath showers
With richer beauty they should shine.

2 We have been wafted for a while
Far, far away from this low scene;
Been cheer'd by our Redeemer's smile,
Been suffer'd on his breast to lean.

3 What has he taught us? what should be
The fruit of intercourse so blest?
O! should not all around us see
His image on our souls imprest?

4 Within his ivory palace fair
We enter'd, a much favour'd train;
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, fill'd the air;
Our garments should the scent retain.

5 And we should pass along the earth
Like birds which live upon the wing;
Rise to the country of our birth,
And on our way its anthems sing.

310 L. M.

AWAKE, my soul! and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to heaven's eternal King.

3 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

311 6. 7.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only light,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Scatter all the shades of night;
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till thou inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiancy divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

312 6. 8.

WHEN streaming from the eastern skies
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day!

2 When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God!

313 L. M.

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.

2 New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.

3 New mercies each returning day
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

314 L. M.

MY God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning blessings from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

315 L. M.

IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely pass'd the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

2 New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more with awe rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

3 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

4 That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes,
Thy light shall give eternal day,
Thy love the rapture of the skies.

316 P. M.

RISE, my soul, adore thy maker;
To angels' praise Join thy lays,
With them be partaker.

2 Father, Lord of every spirit,
In thy light Lead me right,
Through my Saviour's merit.

3 O Lord Jesu, God almighty,
Pray for me, Till I see
Thee in Salem's city.

4 Holy Ghost, by Jesus given,
Be my guide, Lest my pride
Shut me out of heaven.

5 Thou this night wast my protector,
With me stay All the day,
Ever my director.

6 [Holy, holy, holy giver
Of all good, Life, and food,
Reign ador'd for ever.

7 Glory, honour, thanks, and blessing,
One in three, Give we thee,
Never, never ceasing.]*

* These two verses may be sung as a Grace after meat.

317 P. M.

ERE I sleep, for every favor,
This day shew'd By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.

2 O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy name Still the same,
Merciful and tender?

3 Leave me not, but ever love me,
Let thy peace Be my bliss,
Till thou hence remove me.

4 Thou, my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep, While I sleep,
Me with sovereign power.

5 So, whene'er in death I slumber,
Let me rise With the wise,
Counted in their number.

318 8. 7.

ON the dewy breath of even
Thousand odours mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven,
Nature's evening sacrifice.
With her balmy offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgivings be
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to thee!

2 Praise we yield—yet ah! while dwelling
On the thanks thy mercies claim,
Darker thoughts their tale are telling,
Full of grief and full of shame.

Oft rebellious, oft mistaken,
Sorrowing at thy feet we bow;
Yet, though thee we have forsaken,
O our God! forsake not thou!

3 Thou whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, which knows not slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness:
And, when life is closing round us,
Dark with anguish, faint with fear,
Let thy beams of love surround us,
Let us know thee, feel thee near.

319 L. M.

NOW one day's journey less divides
Me from the world where God resides;
I've one day less my watch to keep,
My foes to fear, my falls to weep.

2 I've one day less the ground to tread
Where thorns abound and snares are spread;
And O reflect, my fainting soul!
Thou'rt one stage nearer to the goal.

3 If the sweet presence of thy God
To-day has cheer'd and bless'd thy road,
Think what must be that glorious place
Where he shall never hide his face.

4 But if thou hast been led astray,
And mournfully review'st the day,
Strive yet the more that rest to attain
Where thou shalt never sin again.

5 [If thou hast mourn'd for friends endear'd
Whose converse once thy journey cheer'd,
In heaven, reflect, no cause shall sever
The bond which re-unites for ever.]

6 Lord, I on thee alone depend,
O guide me to my journey's end!
Then bear my soul o'er death's dark wave
To realms of joy beyond the grave!

320 L. M.

ALL praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings!

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose!
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

321 L. M.

THE night is come! like to the day,
Depart not thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, dark as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.

2 O thou whose nature cannot sleep,
Now on my temples sentry keep;
And let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacob's pillow blest,

3 That so I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought,
And with an active vigour run
My course, as doth the unwearied sun.

322 P. M.

GOD, who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us
This live-long night.

323 8. 7.

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us;
Now we lay us down to rest:
Through the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest:
Jesus now our guardian be:
Sweet it is to trust in thee.

2 Pilgrims here on earth and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
In thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

324 "*Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.*" Ps. xci. 10. P. M.

GOD of Israel, we adore thee;
Thou hast kept us through the day:
Thus preserv'd we come before thee,
By the new and living way.
Safely keep us through the night,
Guard us to the morning light;
Nor forsake us
Till thou take us
Far from earth to dwell with thee
Through a bright eternity.

325 L. M.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

326 *At Night.* P. M.

WHAT though my frail eyelids refuse
Continual watching to keep,
And punctual as midnight renews
Demand the refreshment of sleep;
A sovereign protector I have
Unseen, yet for ever at hand,
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

2 From evil secure and its dread
I rest if my Saviour is nigh;
And songs his kind presence indeed
Shall in the night season supply.
He smiles, and my comforts abound,
His grace as the dew shall descend,
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

2d Part.

1 Inspirer and hearer of prayer,
Thou shepherd and guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping and waking, resign.
If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And fast as my moments roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

2 Thy ministering spirits descend
To watch while thy saints are asleep;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep.

Bright seraphs, despatch'd from the throne,
Repair to the stations assign'd;
And angels elect are sent down
To guard the elect of mankind.

3 Their worship no interval knows,
Their fervor is still on the wing;
And while they protect my repose,
They chant to the praise of my King.
I too, at the season ordain'd,
Their chorus for ever shall join;
And love, and adore, without end,
Their faithful Creator, and mine.

327 *At Night.* 7s.

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head.
Welcome slumbers to mine eyes,
Tir'd with glaring vanities.
By my heavenly Father blest,
Now I give my powers to rest.

2 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good:
Thy kind eye that cannot sleep
These defenceless hours shall keep.
Bless'd vicissitude to me;
Day and night, I'm still with thee!

2d Part.—*A Vigil.*

What though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me:
Sleepless well I know to rest,
Lodg'd within my Father's breast.
While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light;

While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way;
While the stars unnumber'd roll,
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise,
Through the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear;
And his Spirit shall diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews,
Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love;
Bless'd alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with thee!

3d Part.—*The Sleep of Death.*

1 What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

2 What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

3 Tender friends awhile may mourn
Me from their embraces torn;
Dearer, better friends I have
In the realms beyond the grave.

4 See the guardian angels nigh
Wait to waft my soul on high!
See the golden gates display'd!
See the crown to grace my head!

5 See a flood of sacred light,
Which no more shall yield to night!
Transitory world, farewell!
Jesus calls with him to dwell.

6 With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labour rest.
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee!

BAPTISM.

328 P. M.

GO take thy sweet babe, and to Jesus confide him:
He has dwelt in our flesh, he can feel for our fears.
Take this lamb to the Shepherd, who safely shall guide him
Through the desert of perils, the valley of tears.

329 7s.

WELCOME to the Saviour's breast,
Children of the Saviour's love;
By him may they now be blest;
From him never, never rove.

We baptize them at thy word;
Wash their souls from sin's deep stain,
And in thy compassion, Lord,
Grant them to be born again!*

* For the Ordinance of the Lord's Supper, see page 121.

BAPTISED CHILDREN.

"I WILL POUR MY SPIRIT ON THY SEED, AND MY BLESSING ON THY OFFSPRING."

330 C. M.

THE voice of God to Samuel came
In friendly tones convey'd,
When, rising from his peaceful couch,
The infant knelt and pray'd.

2 And canst not thou upon thy bed,
My child, those accents hear?
Not falling as from Eli's tongue
On thy attentive ear;—

3 But whispering softly in thine heart,
"A God of love is nigh,
To succour those who trust in him,
And every want supply:"

4 He guards your pillow whilst you sleep,
Protects you through the day,
Invites you oft to come to him,
And listens when you pray.

5 Like Samuel, from the world in youth
He beckons thee away,
To seek the Lord, to lisp his praise,
To reverence and obey:

6 And should "a still, small voice" within
Awake thy dormant fears,
Instructs thy trembling lips to say,
"Speak, Lord, thy servant hears."

331 C. M.

BESTOW, great God! upon our youth
The gift of saving grace;
And let the seed of sacred truth
Fall in a fruitful place.

2 Grace is a plant, where'er it grows,
Of pure and heavenly root;
But fairest in the youngest shews,
And yields the sweetest fruit.

3 Children, for you the prayer is made,
O join the public prayer!
For you the secret tear is shed,
O shed yourselves a tear!

4 We pray that you may early prove
The Spirit's power to teach:
You cannot be too young to love
That Jesus whom we preach.*

* When there is a charity sermon for schools, Hymn 331 may be sung by the congregation without the children and 332 or 333 by the children without the congregation.

332 *Children's Hymn.* 7s.

GOD of mercy, thron'd on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear our feeble cry!
Guide, O guide our wandering feet!

2 Young and erring travellers, we
All our dangers do not know;
Scarce descry the stormy sea,
Hardly feel the tempest blow.

3 Jesu, lover of the young,
Cleanse us with thy blood divine;
Ere the tide of sin grow strong,
Save us, Lord, and keep us thine.

333 *Children's Hymn.* C. M.

WE ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow,
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below;

2 We ask not honors, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray;

3 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart,
To know and love thee, give.

334 *The Orphan's Hymn.* S. M.

ART thou a child of tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard thy vernal years
Few vernal joys can shew?

2 And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on thy lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely call'd to part?

3 If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear:
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.

335 *The lonely Heart.* P. M.

THERE are who sigh that no fond heart is theirs,
None loves them best.—O vain and selfish sigh!
Out of the bosom of his love he spares—
The Father spares the Son—for thee to die:
For thee he died; for thee he lives again:
O'er thee he watches in his boundless reign.

2 Thou art as much his care, as if beside
Nor man nor angel liv'd in heaven or earth:
Thus sunbeams pour alike their glorious tide
To light up worlds or wake an insect's mirth:
They shine, and shine with unexhausted store:—
Thou art thy Saviour's purchase—seek no more.

AFFLICTION.

336 C. M.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

2 The hand that now withholds my joys
Can yet restore my peace;
And he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly beg for more.

4 Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod;
Thou, Lord, art all the world to me,
My Saviour and my God.

337 "*It is good for me that I have been afflicted.*" 7s.
Ps. cxix. 71.

'TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must, and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 God in Israel sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up and choke the weeds,
Which would else o'erspread the soil.

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

5 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not, with reason fear
I should prove a cast-away.

6 Others may escape the rod,
Sunk in earthly, vain, delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not, would not, if he might.

338 "*Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.*" C. M.
Isa. xlv. 15.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

339 "*Thou drewest near in the day I called upon thee: thou saidst, Fear not.*" Lam. iii. 57. L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with thee;
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

6 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

340 "*As a wide breaking in of waters: in the desolation they rolled themselves upon me.*" Job xxx. 14. D. C. M.

O GOD! that madest earth and sky, the darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family, and help us when we pray;
For wide the waves of bitterness around our vessel roar,
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the rocky shore.

2 The cross our Master bore for us, for him we fain would bear;
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and courage to despair.
Have mercy on our failings, Lord; our sinking faith renew;
And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy patience too!

341 "*The cloudy and dark day.*" Ezek. xxxiv. 12. P. M.

O THOU that dwell'st in the heavens high,
Beyond yon stars, within yon sky,
Where the dazzling fields never needed light
Of the sun by day, nor the moon by night;

2 Though shining millions around thee stand,
For the sake of Him at thy right hand,
O think on the souls that cost him dear,
Now wandering in doubt and darkness here.
3 Our night is dreary, and dim our day,
And if thou turn thy face away,
We are sinful, feeble, and helpless dust,
With none to look to, and none to trust.
4 Thy aid, O mighty One, we crave!
Not shorten'd is thine arm to save:
Afar from thee we now sojourn;
Return to us, O God! return!

342 "*He was tempted in all points like as we are.*" Heb. iv. 15. 6. 8.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienc'd every human pain:
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still he who felt temptation's power
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I priz'd too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betray'd, denied, or fled,
By all that shar'd his daily bread.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For Jesus wept o'er Lazarus dead.

5 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore dismay'd my spirit dies;
Still he who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

6 And, O! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Do thou who once for me hast bled
In all my sickness make my bed;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

343 *Sickness.* C. M.

WHEN languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.

2 Sweet to look inward, and attend
The whispers of his love:
Sweet to look upward to the place
Where Jesus pleads above.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys my own.

4 Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his blood
My debt of suffering paid.

5 Sweet in his righteousness to stand,
Which saves from second death;
Sweet to experience day by day
His Spirit's quickening breath.

6 Sweet on his faithfulness to rest,
Whose love can never end;
Sweet on his covenant of grace
For all things to depend.

7 Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust his firm decrees;
Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but his.

8 Sweet to rejoice in lively hope,
That, when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

9 There shall my disimprison'd soul
Behold him and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

344 "*I cried unto thee, O Lord! I said, Thou art my refuge, and my portion.*" Ps. cxlii. 5. D. 7s.

JESU, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last!

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

345 "*Sorrowful, yet rejoicing.*" 2 Cor. vi. 10. P. M.

GRACIOUS Lord, with mercy beaming,
Let some rays, descending here,
Dry these cheeks in sorrow streaming,
This grief-clouded bosom cheer;
Gracious Saviour,
This grief-clouded bosom cheer.

2 Thou hast suffer'd, Lord of glory;
Well I know what pangs were thine;
Hence more bold I bend before thee,
Lord of love, to pity mine;
Gracious Saviour,
Lord of love, to pity mine.

3 View'd I but a God surrounded
With a blaze of majesty,
Sunk in awe, with fear confounded,
Could I e'er look up to thee?
Gracious Saviour,
Could I e'er look up to thee?

4 But when I survey thy passion,
On a sorrowing Saviour gaze,
Fear is lost in adoration,
All is rapture, love, and praise.
Hallelujah!
All is rapture, love, and praise.

5 Rapturous thought! ecstatic treasure!
Welcome every pang I prove!
Sorrow's joy, and pain is pleasure,
If they wake my Saviour's love.
Hallelujah!
If they wake my Saviour's love.

346 C. M.

WHEN musing sorrow weeps the past,
And mourns the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

2 'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies,
And would not suffer still.

3 It is that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light;
And longs her eagle plumes to raise,
And lose herself in sight.

4 It is that hope with ardour glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love no language knows
Sufficient art to trace.

5 It is that harass'd conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within.

6 O let me wing my hallow'd flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar beyond these realms of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

347 P. M.

FROM darkness here and dreariness
We ask not full repose;
Only be thou at hand to bless
Our trial hour of woes.

Is not the pilgrim's toil o'erpaid
By the clear rill and palmy shade?
And see we not, up earth's dark glade,
The gate of heaven unclose?

348 *The bitter waters made sweet.* C. M.

O THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!

2 But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

3 Then sorrow, touch'd by thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

RESIGNATION.

349 *"What I do, thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."* John xiii. 7. 6. 8.

O LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will,
Wrapp'd yet in tears and mystery;
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since rul'd by thee.

2 Thus trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on;
What though some cherish'd joys are fled?
What though some flattering dreams are gone?
Yet purer, brighter joys remain:
Why should my spirit then complain?

350 Job i. 21. P. M.

WHEN I can trust my all with God,
In trial's fearful hour;
Bow, all resign'd, beneath his rod,
And bless his sparing power;
A joy springs up amid distress,
A fountain in the wilderness.

2 O! to be brought to Jesus' feet,
Though sorrows fix me there,
Is still a privilege; and sweet
The energies of prayer,
Though sighs and tears its language be,
If Christ be nigh, and smile on me.

3 O blessed be the hand that gave;
Still blessed when it takes:
Blessed be he who smites to save,
Who heals the heart he breaks:
Perfect and true are all his ways,
Whom heaven adores and death obeys.

351 C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise;—

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

352 1 Pet. iv. 19. C. M.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand,
That wipes away my tears?

3 No; rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favour, all my journey through,
If thou vouchsafe to grant,
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth.

6 But ah! my inward spirit cries,
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Drives all these thoughts away.

353 P. M.

O LORD my God, do thou thy holy will;
I will lie still;
I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
And break the charm
Which lulls me, clinging to my Saviour's breast,
In perfect rest.

2 To the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of his midnight agony,
When none was nigh
Save God, and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

3 Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from heaven to hell descend
Thee to befriend:
So shalt thou dare forego, at his dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

354 *"It is I: be not afraid."* L. M.

WELCOME to me the darkest night,
If there the Saviour's presence bright
Beam forth upon the soul dismay'd,
And say, "'Tis I! be not afraid!"

2 Welcome the fiercest waves that roll
Their deepest floods to whelm my soul,
If He rebuke the storm of ill,
And bid the tempest, "Peace, be still!"

3 Welcome the thorniest path, if there
The print-marks of his feet appear;
If in his footsteps we may tread,
And follow where our Lord hath led.

4 I will not ask what else is mine,
If thou, O Lord, account me thine;
For what but joy can be my lot
If God, my God, reject me not?

355 *"Thy will be done."* P. M.

MY God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee what was thine;—
"Thy will be done!"

3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with thee;—
"Thy will be done!"

4 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

5 If but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest;—
"Thy will be done!"

6 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done!"

7 Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mix'd with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

WITH HIS OWN HEART.

"I SEE ANOTHER LAW IN MY MEMBERS, WARRING AGAINST THE LAW OF MY MIND," &c.—*Rom.* vii. 23.

356 L. M.

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

357 L. M.

MY soul is sad, and much dismay'd.
See, Lord, what legions of my foes,
With fierce Apollyon at their head,
My heavenly pilgrimage oppose!

2 Their fiery arrows reach the mark,
My throbbing heart with anguish tear;
Each lights upon a kindred spark,
And finds abundant fuel there.

3 I hate the thought that wrongs the Lord;
O I would drive it from my breast,
With thine own sharp two-edged sword,
Far as the east is from the west!

4 Come then, and chase the cruel host;
Heal the deep wounds I have receiv'd;
Nor let the powers of darkness boast,
That I am foil'd, and thou art griev'd.

358 *"My house is a house of prayer."* L. M.

THY mansion is the Christian's heart;
O Lord, thy dwelling-place secure!
Bid the unruly throng depart,
And leave the consecrated door.

2 For there a sharp designing trade
Sin, Satan, and the world maintain;
Nor cease to press me, and persuade
To part with ease and purchase pain.

3 I know them, and I hate their din,
Am weary of the bustling crowd;
But while their voice is heard within,
I cannot serve thee as I would.

4 O for the joy thy presence gives!
What peace shall reign when thou art here!
Thy presence makes this den of thieves
A calm delightful house of prayer.

359 "*When I would do good evil is present with me.*" Rom. vii. 21. C. M.

MY God, how perfect are thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

2 When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.

3 Divine desire,—that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me,—
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

4 This heart, a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow!
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

5 Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine;
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord, for ever mine!

360 "*Light is sown for the righteous.*" L. M.

COME Jesus! come! return again;
With brighter beam thy servants bless,
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

2 A feeble race, by passion driven,
In darkness and in doubt we roam,
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
Our hope, our harbour, and our home.

3 Yet 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee.

4 Come Jesus! come! and, as of yore
The prophet went to clear thy way,
A harbinger thy feet before,
A dawning to thy brighter day;

5 So now may grace with heavenly shower
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come and reap thy harvest there.

361 L. M.

WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee;
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?

2 A poor blind child, I wander here,
If haply I may feel thee near;
O dark! dark! dark! I still must say
Amid the blaze of gospel day.

3 An helpless soul I come to thee
With only sin and misery.
Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and sin behind:

4 Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure:
I want—do thou enrich the poor:
Under thy mighty hand I stoop—
O lift the abject sinner up!

5 Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight:
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might:
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my all in thee.

362 L. M.

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

3 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

363

LORD, have mercy, when we strive
To save, through thee, our souls alive;
When the pamper'd flesh is strong,
When the strife is fierce and long;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to loathe our cherish'd sin,
And our weary spirits fail,
And our aching brows are pale,
O then have mercy, Lord!

2 Lord, have mercy, when we know
First how vain this world below;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of thy bright but distant heaven;
When our darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex, and fears distress,
And our sadden'd spirits dwell
On the open gates of hell,
O then have mercy, Lord!

3 Lord, have mercy, when we lie
On the restless bed, and sigh;
Sigh for death, yet fear it still
From the thought of former ill;
When all other hope is gone;
When our course is almost done;
When the dim advancing gloom
Tells us that our hour is come,
O then have mercy, Lord!

364 *Lord, remember me.* Luke xxiii. C. M.

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me!

2 When on my aching, burden'd heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart,
And Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O let my strength be as my day!
And Lord, remember me.

4 If, on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproach shall be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame!
If thou remember me.

5 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me!

6 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee;
Then with the saints at thy right hand
O Lord, remember me!

365 P. M.

WHILE I listen to thy word,
In thy temple cold and dead;
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little daylight fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head.

2 When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine;
When my covenant I break,
Jesus then remember thine.
Check my wanderings,
By a look of love divine.

3 Then if heavenly dews distil,
And my views are bright and clear;
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear;
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when thou art near.

2d Part.

4 When afflictions cloud my sky,
When the tide of sorrow flows,
When thy rod is lifted high,
Let me on thy love repose;
Stay thy rough wind,
When thy chilling east wind blows.

5 When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay;
Kind Forerunner, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

6 From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way;
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night, and cloud by day,
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

366 P. M.

JESUS! 'tis thee my soul doth seek; to find,
To commune with thee, is its one desire,
O look on me! and to my cry inclin'd,
Again thy peace, thy precious peace inspire!

2 Time was when ignorant of my God I stray'd
A thoughtless wanderer in the paths of death;
But thou didst seek me in that night's dark shade;
And save, for ever save, thy child through faith.

3 'Twas then thy voice in love's own accents spoke;
The listening ear thy blessed Spirit gave;
It said, "I've ransom'd thee from Satan's yoke;'
And bade me know thy grace, thy power to save.

4 Alas! how lukewarm since my love! how prone
My foolish heart again to err from thee!
If yet preserv'd, it is by grace alone:
Thy patience only could have borne with me.

5 But why such weakness still experience? why
So oft in coldness, languor, dullness, pine?
'Tis not that thou dost shun me; no: 'tis I
That fly from thee; the fault alone is mine.

6 Then pity, Lord! this stubborn heart subdue;
Remember how from Calvary's suffering tree
Thine eye of love had my poor soul in view;
Jesus! I rest on thy fidelity.

367 *"Return unto thy rest, O my soul!"* L. M.

MY only Saviour, when I feel
O'erwhelm'd in spirit, faint, opprest,
'Tis sweet to tell thee, while I kneel
Low at thy feet, "Thou art my rest."

2 When with a trembling heart I try
My state by truth's unerring test,
Oft it condemns me; then I fly
To thee for pardon, thee for rest.

3 I'm weary of the strife within;
Strong powers against my soul contest;
O let me turn from self and sin
To thy dear cross! there, there is rest.

368 7s.

IN the ark the weary dove
Found a welcome resting-place;
Thus my spirit longs to prove
Rest in Christ the ark of grace:

2 Burden'd with a load of sin,
Harass'd with tormenting doubt,
Hourly conflicts from within,
Hourly crosses from without:

3 Tempest-toss'd I long have been,
And the flood increases fast;
Open, Lord, and take me in,
Till the storm be overpast.

369 6. 8.

"PEACE, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan
Has taught each scene the notes of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold the precious balm is found,
That lulls thy pain, and heals thy wound.

2 "Come, freely come, by sin opprest;
Unburden here thy weighty load;
Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
God is thy Saviour! glorious word!
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

3 "As spring the winter,—day the night,—
Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away;
And holy Joy, a seraph bright,
Shall tend thy steps, and near thee stay;
While Glory waves the immortal crown,
And waits to claim thee for her own."

370 P. M.

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend!
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When, weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting-place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me!

3 When I have err'd and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darken'd with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

6 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array;
Say thou hast wash'd them all away;
O say thou plead'st for me!

BACKSLIDING.

"RETURN, YE BACKSLIDING CHILDREN, AND I WILL HEAL YOUR BACKSLIDINGS." *Jer.* iii. 22.

371 L. M.

THINE eyes, O Lord, the sheep behold
Whose feet have wander'd from the fold,
That guideless, helpless, strives in vain
To find its safe retreat again;

2 Now listens, if perchance its ear
The Shepherd's well known voice may hear;
Now, as the tempests round it blow,
In plaintive accents vents its woe.

3 Behold,—for mercy dwells with thee,—
Behold a sinner bend the knee!
To thee, O Lord, to thee I pray!
My night illume, and guide my day.

372 Luke xxii. 61. P. M.

JESU, let thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to thee like Peter, I
Would fain like Peter weep:
Let me be by grace restor'd,
On me be all long-suffering shewn;
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

2 Look, as when thy grace beheld
The sinner in distress,
Dried her tears, her pardon seal'd,
And bade her go in peace:

Vile like her, and self-abhorr'd,
I at thy feet for mercy groan:
Turn and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

3 Look, as when thy languid eye
Was clos'd that we might live;
"Father," at the point to die,
The Saviour cried, "forgive!"
Surely with that dying word,
He turns and looks, and cries, "'Tis done!"
O my suffering, bleeding Lord,
Thou break'st my heart of stone!

373 6. 8.

LORD of my heart, by thy last cry
Let not thy blood in vain be spent;
Lo! at thy feet I fainting lie;
Mine eyes upon thy wounds are bent;
Upon thy wounds my weary eyes
Wait, like parch'd lands on April skies.

2 Wash me, and dry these bitter tears;
O let my heart no further roam!
'Tis thine by vows, and hopes, and fears,
Long since,—O call the wanderer home!
To that safe home, thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts may hide.

374 "*He restoreth my soul.*" Ps. xxiii. 3. 6. 8.

WEARY of wandering from my God,
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod;
For him, not without hope, I mourn:
I have an Advocate above,
A friend before the throne of love.

2 O Jesu, full of truth and grace,
More full of grace than I of sin,
Yet once again I seek thy face;
Open thine arms and take me in,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And love the faithless sinner still.

3 Thou know'st the way to bring me back,
My fallen spirit to restore;
O for thy truth and mercy's sake,
Forgive, and bid me sin no more!
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
And kindle my relentings now;
Fill all my soul with filial fears,
To thy sweet yoke my spirit bow.
This rebel heart by love subdue,
And make it soft, and make it new.

5 Ah! give me, Lord, the tender heart,
That trembles at the approach of sin;
A godly fear of sin impart,
Implant and root it deep within;
That I may dread thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more.

375 "*Thy backsliding shall reprove thee.*" 6. 8.
Jer. ii. 19.

O 'TIS enough, my God, my God!
Here let me give my wanderings o'er;
No longer trample on thy blood,
And grieve thy gentleness no more;
No more thy lingering anger move,
Or sin against thy light and love.

2 O Lord, if mercy is with thee,
Now let it all on me be shown;
On me, the chief of sinners, me
Who humbly for thy mercy groan:
Me to thy Father's grace restore;
Nor let me ever grieve thee more!

3 Fountain of unexhausted love,
Of infinite compassions, hear!
My Saviour and my Prince above,
Once more in my behalf appear;
Repentance, faith, and pardon give;
O let me turn again, and live!

376 "*Will ye also go away?*" John vi. 67. C. M.

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas! what numbers do!)
Methinks I hear my Saviour say,
"Wilt thou forsake me too?"

2 Ah, Lord! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yes, thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me:
To whom, or whither, could I go,
If I should turn from thee?

4 No voice but thine can give me rest,
And bid my fears depart:
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

THE HIDING OF GOD'S FACE.

377 "*Thou hidest thy face.*" Ps. civ. 29. 8. M.

THE Saviour hides his face;
My spirit thirsts to prove
Renew'd supplies of pardoning grace,
And never-failing love.

2 The favor'd souls who know
What glories shine in him
Pant for his presence, as the roe
Pants for the living stream.

3 How dull the sabbath-day,
Without the sabbath's Lord!
How toilsome then to sing and pray,
And wait upon the word!

4 Of all the truths I hear,
How few delight my taste!
I glean a berry here and there,
And mourn the vintage past.

5 But though I am a worm,
Unworthy of his care,
The Lord will my desire perform,
And grant me all my prayer.

378 C. M.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

379 "*O that I were as in months past!*" Job xxix. C.M.

SWEET was the time when first I felt
The Saviour's pardoning blood
Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me home to God.

2 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine:
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.

3 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tun'd my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

4 Now, when the evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.

5 Now Satan threatens to assail,
And make my soul his prey:
O Lord, let not thy mercy fail!
O come without delay!

380 *The Soul's Winter.* L. M.

SEE how rude winter's icy hand
Has stript the trees, and seal'd the ground!
But spring shall soon his rage withstand,
And spread new beauties all around.

2 My soul a sharper winter mourns,
Barren and fruitless I remain;
When will the gentle spring return,
And bid my graces grow again?

3 Jesus, my glorious sun, arise!
'Tis thine the frozen heart to move;
O hush these storms, and clear my skies,
And let me feel thy vital love!

4 O Lord, regard my feeble cry,
I faint and droop till thou appear;
Wilt thou permit thy plant to die?
Must it be winter all the year?

381 C. M.

"REJOICE in God!" the word commands,
And fain would I obey;
Yet still my spirit lingering stands,
While doubts impede my way.

2 How can my soul exult for joy,
Which feels this load of sin?
And how can praise my tongue employ,
While darkness reigns within?

3 My soul forgets to use her wings;
My harp neglected lies;
For sin has broken all its strings,
And guilt shuts out my joys.

4 The power, the sweetness of thy voice
Alone my heart can move;
Make me in Christ, O Lord, rejoice,
And melt my soul to love!

382 *The Great Question.* C. M.

THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow:
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 I sometimes think myself inclin'd
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind,
Averse to all that's good.

4 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

5 Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

6 O make this heart rejoice or ache!
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it, if it be.

383 *The Great Question.* 7s.

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought;
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,—
Can I deem myself his child?

4 If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mix'd with all I do;—
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

5 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

6 Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

7 Lord, decide the doubtful case;
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace
If it be indeed begun:

8 Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

384 7s.

GOD of grace, I trust in thee,
And that trust is all my plea;
Full of weakness, full of woe,
To thy mercy seat I go.

2 For the bitter tears I pour,
For the wounds my Saviour bore,
For the glory of thy name,
Put not, Lord, my trust to shame.

3 All this grief I feel for sin,
Is it not thy work within?
Every sigh, and moan, and tear—
Speak they not of comfort near?

4 Blessed Jesus, grace is free,
Else it would not visit me;
I should perish, couldst thou prove
Less than infinite in love.

385 L. M.

WHEN darkness long has veil'd my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Redeemer, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

2 Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour one hard thought of thee.

3 O let me then at length be taught,
What I am still so slow to learn,
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.

4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

5 But, O my Lord! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious worm is still.

MAN'S BREVITY AND MORTALITY.

See Psalms 39 and 90.

386 C. M.

OUR days, alas! our mortal days
Are short and wretched too;
"Evil and few," the patriarch says;
And well the patriarch knew.

2 'Tis but at best a narrow bound
That heaven allows to men;
And pains and sins run through the round
Of threescore years and ten.

3 Well, if ye must be sad and few,
Run on, my days, in haste;
Moments of sin, and months of woe,
Ye cannot fly too fast.

4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul,
And call her to the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

387 D. C. M.

FEW, few, and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born;
Peril and trouble haunt thy ways.
Forth, like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light;
Youth blossoms to the breeze;
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
Man like a shadow flees.

2 As fail the waters from the deep,
  As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
  His life is vanity.
Man lieth down, no more to wake,
  Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
  And nature disappear.

3 And dost thou look on such a one?
  Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
  Against the Lord of all?
O hide me till thy wrath be past,
  Thou, who canst slay or save!
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast,
  In my Redeemer's grave!

388 *The End of the Year.* C. M.

OUR wasting lives grow shorter still
  As days and months increase;
And every beating pulse we tell
  Leaves but the number less.

2 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
  To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around
  To hurry mortals home.

3 Great God, on what a slender thread
  Hang everlasting things!
The eternal states of all the dead
  Upon life's feeble strings!

4 Infinite joy, or endless woe
Attends on every breath:
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death!

5 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

389 *For the New or Old Year.* C. M.

AWAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake, and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 Fast on the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year!

3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.

4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal powers, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

390 "*Be ye also ready.*" Matt. xxiv. 44. L. M.

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul,
Let each one ask himself, "Am I
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

2 Soon, leaving all I lov'd below,
To God's tribunal I must go;
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

3 Lord Jesus, help me now to flee,
And seek my hope alone in thee:
Apply thy blood, thy Spirit give,
Subdue my sin, and let me live.

4 Then, when the solemn bell I hear,
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear;
Nor would the thought distressing be,
"Perhaps it next may toll for me."

391 *The dying Infant to its Mother.* 8. 7.

"CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother drown'd in woe;
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Morn advances—let me go.

2 "See yon orient streak appearing,
Harbinger of endless day!
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away.

3 "Lately launch'd a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boisterous flood:
Pierc'd with sorrows, toss'd with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

4 "Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me,
Softer pillow than thy breast.

5 "There, my mother, pleasures center;
Weeping, parting, care, or woe
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter:
Morn advances—let me go.

6 "Yet to leave thee sorrowing rends me,
Though again his voice I hear:
Rise! may every grace attend thee;—
Rise! and seek to meet me there."

392 "*We sorrow not without hope.*" C. M.

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from his love.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

393 "*I will contend with him that contendeth with thee.*" Is. xlix. 25. L. M.

O GRAVE, thou hast the victory!
Beauty and strength are laid with thee;
Yet than earth's mightiest mightier,
O grave, thou hast thy vanquisher!

2 Long in thy sight was man forlorn;
Long didst thou laugh his hope to scorn;
Till rose the conqueror of death,
Jesus, the Man of Nazareth.

3 He stood between us and despair;
He bore, and gave us strength to bear;
The mysteries of the grave unseal'd,
Our glorious destiny reveal'd.

4 Our home is not this mortal clime;
Our life has not its bounds in time;
And death is but a cloud that lies
Between the soul and paradise.

THE CHRISTIAN'S OWN DEATH.

394 P. M.

MY soul, go boldly forth,
Forsake this sinful earth;
What hath it been to thee
But pain and sorrow?
And think'st thou it will be
Better to-morrow?

2 Why art thou for delay?
Thou cam'st not here to stay:
What tak'st thou for thy part
But heavenly pleasure?
Where then should be thy heart
But where's thy treasure?

3 Thy God, thy Head's above;
There is the world of love;
Mansions there purchas'd are
By Christ's own merit,
For these he doth prepare
Thee by his Spirit.

4 Lord Jesu, take my spirit:
I trust thy love and merit:
Take home thy wandering sheep,
For thou hast sought it;
My soul in safety keep,
For thou hast bought it.

395 D. C. M.

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
He that into God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be!

2 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with the triumphant saints
Who sing Jehovah's praise.
My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

396 L. M.

THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord, let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace!

2 The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

3 Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

4 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

5 I come, I come at thy command!
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

397 6. 7.

HASTE, my spirit, fly away!
'Tis thy gracious Saviour calls;
Leave this tenement of clay,
Quit its broken shatter'd walls:
Through these ruins I descry
Gleams of immortality.

2 Cease, my friends, to weep for me,
I should rather mourn for you;
Every woe and sin I flee,
Christ and heaven are in my view:
Dare not wish my soul to stay,
Angels beckon me away.

3 God hath sent his envoy, death;
Earthly blessings I resign;
Lord, to thee I yield my breath,
Take this ransom'd soul of mine;
And my songs of joy shall be
Ceaseless as eternity.

398 P. M.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite—
Steals my senses, shuts my sight—
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes: it disappears;
Heav'n opens to my eyes: my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
"O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?"

399 D. 7s.

DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought,
Go to shine before his throne;
Deck his mediatorial crown;
Go, his triumphs to adorn;
Born of God, to God return.

2 Lo! he beckons from on high;
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God.
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.

3 Is thy earthly house distrest,
Wishing to retain her guest?
'Tis not thou, but she must die—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fir'd with love.

4 Shudder not to pass the stream;
Venture all thy care on Him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar:

Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there:
See the haven full in view!
Love divine shall bear thee through.

5 Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade;
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See they throng the blissful shore!
Mount, their transports to improve,
Join the longing choir above,
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven!

400 P. M.

FATHER, when thy child is dying,
On the bed of anguish lying,
Then, my every want supplying,
To me thy love display.

2 Let me willingly surrender
Life to thee, its gracious lender;
Can I find a friend more tender?
Why should I wish to stay?

3 Ere my soul her bonds has broken,
Grant some bright and cheering token
That for me the words are spoken,
"Thy sins are wash'd away."

4 When, each well-known face concealing,
Death's dark shade o'er all is stealing,
Then, thy gracious smile revealing,
Unfold eternal day.

5 When the lips are mute which blest me,
And withdrawn the hand that prest me,
Then let sweeter sounds arrest me,
Calling my soul away.

6 When, in silent awe suspended,
They who long my couch have tended,
Weeping wish that all were ended,
O hear them when they pray!

7 When my soul, no path discovering,
O'er my lifeless form is hovering,
Then, with wings of mercy covering,
Be thou thyself my way!

VICTORY OVER DEATH.—ANTICIPATION OF HEAVEN.

401 C. M.

LORD have mercy! and remove us
Early to the place of rest,
Where the heavens are calm above us,
And as calm each sainted breast.

2 Holiest, hear us! by the anguish
On the cross thou didst endure,
Let no more our sad hearts languish
In this weary world obscure.

402 P. M.

O COME that day, when in this restless heart
Earth shall resign her part;
When in the grave with thee my limbs shall rest,
My soul with thee be blest,

And know not how, but know my God will save,
E'en from that dreary grave!
So, buried with my Lord, I'll close mine eyes
On the decaying world, till angels bid me rise.

403 L. M.

HOLY Lord God, I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight;
Yet pierc'd by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait,
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell;
One sin, unslain, within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

4 The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But O! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

404 L. M.

AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives; across the plains
He eyes his home, though distant still:

2 So, when the christian pilgrim views
By faith his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell
With Jesus, in the realms of day:
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

4 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assur'd our home will make amends
For all our toil upon the road.

405 "*Here we have no abiding city.*" L. M.
Heb. xiii. 14.

"WE've no abiding city here:"—
This may distress the worldling's mind;
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 "We've no abiding city here;"
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name; "The Lord is there,"
It shines with everlasting light.

3 O sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest!
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd flee to thee, and be at rest.

4 But hush, my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do his will be mine;
And his to fix my time of rest.

406 P. M.

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.
Hallelujah!
We are on our way to God.

2 [To Canaan's sacred bound
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets that never cloy.
Hallelujah, &c.]

3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er:
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptur'd myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.
Hallelujah, &c.

5 We soon shall join the throng,
Their pleasures we shall share;
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.
Hallelujah, &c.

407 P. M.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:

Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stop in all their course;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

408 L. M.

JESU, my Saviour, in thy face
The essence lives of every grace;
All things beside which charm the sight
Are shadows tipt with glow-worm light.

2 Thy beauty, Lord,—the enraptur'd eye
Which fully views it first must die;
Then let me die, through death to know
That joy I seek in vain below.

409 C. M.

YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light:
Farewell, thou ever changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

2 And thou refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd;
My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.

3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display:
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

410 P. M.

YE angels who stand round the throne,
And view our Immanuel's face,
In rapturous songs make him known,
Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
He form'd you the spirits you are,
So happy, so noble, so good;
When others sank down in despair,
Confirm'd by his power ye stood.

2 Ye saints who stand nearer than they,
And cast your bright crowns at his feet,
His grace and his glory display,
And all his rich mercy repeat:
He snatch'd you from hell and the grave;
He ransom'd from death and despair;
For you he was mighty to save,
Almighty to bring you safe there.

3 O when will the period appear,
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
And I to your Saviour belong.

I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free:
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

4 I long to put on my attire
Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
I long to be one of your choir,
And tune my sweet harp to his name;
I long—O I long to be there,
Where sorrow and sin bid adieu;
Your joy and your friendship to share,
To wonder and worship with you!

411 D. C. M.

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the disembodied throngs,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only joy for which it longs,
To be with Jesus blest.

2 O what has Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise.
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who feast for ever there;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

3 O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd host to appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

412 P. M.

NOTHING on earth I call my own:
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all its goods despise;
I trample on their whole delight,
I seek a country out of sight,
A country in the skies.

2 There is my house and portion ..
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home:
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come.

3 "I come," thy servant, Lord, replies;
"I come to meet thee in the skies,
And claim my heavenly rest:"
Now let the pilgrim's journey end;
Now, O my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
Receive me to thy breast!

413 P. M.

O HEAVEN! abode of saints!
Where sin can never come,
For thee my spirit faints;
I long to be at home.
O world of peace! O land of rest!
When shall I reach thee and be blest!

2 O Death! once dreaded foe!
Thy name no fear inspires;
Thine icy hand, I know,
Will quench corruption's fires;
And not a spark be left within
Which aught can kindle into sin.

3 The worm will sweetly feed
On my unconscious form;
But I shall then be freed,
And safe from every storm;
And when that form is rais'd anew,
It will be fair and spotless too.

4 My Advocate above,
Repairer of my fall,
O, by thy dying love,
Receive my mournful call.
Thy voice can calm the storm within,
Thy blood can wash away my sin.

414 C. M.

JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

415 L. M.

TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone:
O bear me, ye cherubim, up!
And waft me away to his throne!

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power;

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline,

5 O! then shall the veil be remov'd,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd:
I shall meet him whom absent I lov'd,
I shall see whom unseen I ador'd.

6 And then never more shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:

7 Or, if yet remember'd above,
Remembrance no sadness shall raise:
They will be but new signs of thy love,
New themes for my wonder and praise.

8 Thus the strokes which from sin and from pain
Shall set me eternally free
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

416 P. M.

O! WOULD that my soul had the wings of a dove,
And could fly to the uppermost heaven above!
She has heard 'tis a region of love and of light,
And thither would speed, O how swiftly! her flight.

2 Ye angels who people that balmy abode,
Stoop down from your glory, be guides of the road;
Through the grave and the portals of death it may lie,
But I dread not the path, if it lead to the sky.

3 I seek after peace, but I find it not here,
'Midst the pantings of hope and the tremblings of fear;
I thirst—but ah! where are the waters below
Unpoison'd by sin, unembitter'd by woe?

4 A ray from on high has been sent to my soul,
And the shadows of earth seem more darkly to roll;
The world all around me in ruins I see,
And here is no home and no city for me.

5 For patience I pray, but I sigh for release;
O take me, Redeemer! for thou art my peace.
The waters I long for are flowing above,
And the ray that was sent was the pledge of thy love.

417 8. 7.

HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below:
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus, go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above;
Shews the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

2 Struggle through thy latest passion,
To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
To his glorious salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain;
Die, to live a life of glory;
Suffer, with the Lord to reign.

418 C. M.

O MOST delightful hour by man
Experienc'd here below!
The hour that terminates his span,
His folly and his woe.

2 Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste,
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.

3 My home henceforth is in the skies;
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu!
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you.

FUNERAL HYMNS.

419 P. M.

HOW fine has the day been! how bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
Though he rose in a mist, when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain.

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

2 Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

420 L. M.

HOW bless'd the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys;
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

421 *Over the Corpse.* P. M.

HOW blest is our *brother*, bereft
Of all that could burden his mind!
How easy the soul that has left
This wearisome body behind!
Of evil incapable, thou,
Whose relics with envy I see,
No longer in misery now,
No longer a sinner like me.

2 This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain:
The war in the members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No anger henceforward or shame
Shall redden this innocent clay:
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.

3 This languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
This quiet, immovable breast
Is heav'd by affliction no more:
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.

4 The lids *he* so seldom could close,
By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
Seal'd up in their mortal repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep:
The fountains can yield no supplies,
These hollows from water are free;
The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
And evil they never shall see.

5 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
While bound in a prison I breathe,
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.
What now with my tears I bedew,
O might I this moment become!
My spirit created anew,
My flesh be consign'd to the tomb!

422 *Funeral Hymn.* L. M.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room,
To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the lovely sleepers here,
And angels watch their soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Pass'd through the grave and bless'd the bed:
Rest here, dear saint, till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

423 P. M.

THOU art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour hath pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of his love was thy guide through the gloom.

2 Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer
behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy
side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to
enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the sinless hath died.

3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion
forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy
waking,
And the sound which thou heard'st was the
Seraphim's song.

4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not
deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and
guide;
He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore
thee,
And death has no sting, for the Saviour hath
died.

424 D. C. M.

BROTHER, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear releast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

2 The toilsome way thou' hast travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load;
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode;
Thou' art sleeping now like Lazarus
Upon his Father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

3 Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail;
And there thou' art sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked, &c.

4 "Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, *brother*, soars away
Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked, &c.

5 And when the Lord shall summon us
Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
As sure a welcome find;
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GLORY IN HEAVEN.

425 " *To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.* C. M.

IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, " He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

4 Thus much—and this is all—we know,
They are completely blest;
Have left all sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

5 On harps of gold his name they praise,
His face they always view;
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

426 Isa. lx. 18, 19. 8. 7.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
" O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls 'Salvation,'
And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 "Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:
God shall rise, and shining o'er you
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

427 Rev. vii. 9—17. L. M.

LO! round the throne, at God's right hand,
The saints in countless myriads stand;
Of every tongue redeem'd to God,
Array'd in garments wash'd in blood.

2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despis'd the shame;
From all their labours now they rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.

3 Hunger and thirst they feel no more;
Nor sin, nor pain, nor death deplore;
The tears are wip'd from every eye,
And sorrow yields to endless joy.

4 They see their Saviour face to face,
And sing the triumphs of his grace:
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise—

5 "Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Through endless years to live and reign!
Thou hast redeem'd us by thy blood,
And made us kings and priests to God!"

428 Rev. v. 12. 7s.

WHAT are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
—"Worthy is the Lamb once slain
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came:
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels their fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears.

429 P. M.

LOOK up to yonder world;
See myriads round the throne!
Each bears a golden harp,
And wears a glorious crown:
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
And strive to raise their praises higher.

2 Believing in his name
They in his footsteps trod;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea his blood:
Lo, now they reign with him above,
Behold his face, and sing his love!

430 "*And there shall be no night there.*" C. M.
Rev. xxii. 5.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 [Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.]

4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

431 C. M.

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their victory.

2 Once they were mourning here below;
Their couch was wet with tears;
They wrestled once, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask'd them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspir'd their breast)
And following their incarnate God
They enter'd into rest.

5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his own pattern given;
And the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

432 C. M.

WE know Immanuel's name;
Our hearts have lov'd it long:
Our dying sires bequeath'd his fame
To be their children's song.

2 They call'd on him to bless,
They kept the narrow way,
They struggled through this wilderness
To reach the land of day.

3 Was it their arm that gave
The entrance and the crown?
That snatch'd the victory from the grave,
And beat the tempter down?

4 No! 'twas his dying love!
His Spirit, freely given!
His eye that watch'd them from above,
His hand that open'd heaven!

433 L. M.

BLEST Lamb of God, with grateful praise
Our voices high to thee we raise;
With thee to reign, redeem'd by blood,
We kings and priests are made to God.

2 Strike, strike your harps, ye ransom'd! sing
Loud hallelujahs to our King:
Let every nation, tongue, and tribe,
Strength, glory, might to him ascribe.
Amen! amen! Saviour, amen!

THE END.

R. CLAY, PRINTER, BREAD-STREET-HILL,
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